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The Nation

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The Week

Mr. Taft may or may not be a "dead cock in the pit," so far as the electoral campaign is concerned; but his letter to the Secretary of the Treasury on the budget shows that he is still President of the United States, and expects to take his duties in that capacity seriously until his term of office expires. He has set his heart upon effecting a thorough reform in the Government's fiscal administration, and he is not deterred by indifference or opposition in Congress, nor by the absorption of popular interest at this time in more alluring topics. The emphasis he is putting at this moment on a matter so commonplace as the mere systematization of the nation's control over its financial ways and means, the adjustment of outgo to income, is, to us, decidedly refreshing, if only as a bit of variety in the political landscape. It is a reminder, too, of the fact that in the introduction of administrative economies, and in the curbing of the general tendency to unlimited expenditure, Mr. Taft has achieved a notable degree of success.

Few things that Gov. Wilson said or did, in his tour last week, evoked more immediate and positive comment among those who read the newspaper reports of his speeches than his references to President Taft. Mr. Wilson, speaking at Minneapolis, in a part of the country where Mr. Taft is confessedly unpopular, had criticised the policies of the Republican Administration. But he added:

> I want to pay my tribute of respect to the President of the United States. I do not believe that any man in the United States who knows his facts can question the patriotism or the integrity or the public purpose of the man who now presides at the executive office in Washington.

We doubt if there was a single listener to that utterance, or a single reader of it the following morning, who did not say to himself: This is a magnanimous campaigner, and a gentleman.

On Monday of this week another comment was made on the President of the United States by another opposing Presidential candidate. Observing, from his platform at Springfield, Mo., a campaign banner bearing the name of the President of the United States, Mr. Roosevelt said (we quote from the report in his New York organ):

> Any man who supports the receiver of stolen goods stands on a level with the receiver of the stolen goods. He is a dishonest man, and is unfit to associate with honest men.

We wonder how many readers of this remark said to themselves, when they laid their paper down: This may be an energetic public man, but is he a magnanimous campaigner, and is he quite a gentleman?

That it should have fallen to the lot of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Mr. Roosevelt's long-time friend, admirer, and political associate, to shatter in an indignant public speech Roosevelt's claim to be the reincarnated Lincoln, must surely be classed as a dramatic episode. Mr. Lodge's speech of last Saturday evening was delivered at Columbus—the very scene of Roosevelt's declaration, on the 21st of last February, for the recall of judicial decisions. The fact that the speech should have been delivered at all is in itself a sign of the way events are moving; for when the reporters asked Mr. Lodge, on the day after Roosevelt's Columbus declaration, what his own attitude would be, he replied, "I am out of this campaign." It was said at Washington, indeed, that Senator Lodge had been invited by Mr. Roosevelt to read over the Columbus speech before it was delivered; that he had criticised as too radical what was then its position on the judiciary; that this part of the speech had thereupon been modified to a conservative declaration, and that Mr. Lodge never learned of the subsequent change to the ultra-radicalism of the speech as it was actually delivered, until he read the report of it in the morning papers. Be this as it may, it is manifest now that the Senator's first purpose of keeping silence on the issue had, six or seven months later, become impossible.

And now the Progressives of Kansas have come to realize that to cry "Thou shalt not steal," and to profit by the receivership of stolen goods, is a pretty unsafe game to play even under the rules of the new morality. It is announced that the Roosevelt electors in Kansas will be placed in the independent column, instead of occupying the place in the regular Republican column which morally belongs to the Taft men. When we say stolen goods, we are not speaking with contumely of the courts whose decisions have been in favor of the Kansas Progressives' claim to the possession of the Republican column; we are merely employing Progressive phraseology. The courts have rendered their decisions on a technicality; and even the most ardent Progressive will admit that, technically, Mr. Taft was nominated at Chicago. To what extent the Bull Moose of Kansas have been influenced by moral reasons and to what extent by prudential reasons, it is hard to say. But Mr. William Allen White is no fool, and it must have been borne in upon him that a genuine third party which places in the field a candidate of high character, as the case of New York and Mr. Straus has shown, will make a stronger impression than a third party which does not hesitate to seize upon the machinery and capital of the party whose iniquities have driven all good men into revolt.

Mayor Blankenburg's first annual message to the Philadelphia City Councils is a document bristling with proposals both of new taxes and of new undertakings for municipal progress. And, remarkably enough, it does not seem to be greeted with a storm of protest, but, on the contrary, is apparently going to be quietly considered on its merits. To what extent the proposed increase of taxation is due to the need resting on the new administration of bringing the city's affairs, fiscal and material, into sound conditions, and to what extent it is to be ascribed to the undertaking of improvements hitherto unattempted, we cannot at this distance undertake to judge. But it seems plain enough that a considerable part of the financial stress with which Mr. Blankenburg proposes manfully to grapple is due to the objectionable methods that have obtained in the past—methods under which a clean showing may appear so far as mere bookkeeping is concerned, but which cover up defects that are bound

to be reckoned with sooner or later. As the Philadelphia *Bulletin* says, in commenting on the report of the Mayor's able advisory committee, "there is no financial legerdemain by which a municipality can go on year after year exceeding its revenues by its normal running expenditures, and deftly negotiating a loan by which a deficit is turned into a surplus before the very eyes of the people." That is the kind of inheritance that reform administrations in any of our cities habitually have to shoulder, and that helps to make their task onerous and to endanger their hold on popularity.

Two unrelated facts which daily figure in the industrial news are additional proof that a period of marked prosperity is before us. The first is the threatened railway car shortage, which bids fair to be record-breaking; the other is the growing scarcity of labor. For the first, the official figures of the rapidly dwindling supply are the proof; to the second more than one head of railway or industrial company bears witness. Thus, President Ripley, of the Atchison, reports that "the demand for labor already far exceeds the supply." An official of the Lehigh Valley declares that it is "harder to get men for work on tracks than for many years past." Similar reports come from other railway heads, and it is understood that important development work on the Erie and New York Central lines has had to be postponed for lack of men to carry it on. In the steel and iron business similar conditions exist. The Baldwin Locomotive Works are reported to have nearly doubled their employees since January 1 and to be still in need of workers.

These facts may serve to remind us how fortunate the country has been to escape the limitation of immigration which was so warmly urged in the last session of Congress, and still threatens. There could be no greater folly from the industrial point of view than to require, as does this bill, that every one shall be excluded who cannot pass a literacy test and show some knowledge of English. For certain lines of work no American-born laborers are available —particularly is this true of unskilled labor in the iron and steel trades. In them such a restriction would speedily become crippling. It is no answer to this that conditions of work should be made so attractive as to bring to it a higher class of men. Much can be done, indubitably, in this direction. But American labor will enter certain lines of work on no terms. Foreign labor will; why should it be compelled to master a new tongue before entering? The United States needs immigration more than any other country because here men rise rapidly in the social scale as they cannot elsewhere.

The desperate necessity under which our manufacturers labor, of a tariff to cover the difference of cost between this country and abroad, was strikingly illustrated in two cable dispatches published in this country on the same day. One tells of the arrival at Hamburg of a party of engineers from the Bethlehem Steel Company to arrange for the installation of fourteen-inch guns, armor, and projectiles on the new Greek armored cruiser, the hull of which is to be built at the Vulkan shipbuilding yards at Stettin, and of the mortification of the German steel firms over the fact that this important contract should have been captured by Americans. The other is a London dispatch, giving an account of a meeting of British motor-car manufacturers to take measures for meeting the competition of cheap American cars. But of course it would never do to lower the tariff on iron or steel or manufactures thereof, until the "difference in cost of production" between America and foreign countries had been "scientifically" determined by an expert commission. The mere fact that our manufacturers can undersell the Germans or the British on their own soil should not be allowed to influence the views of our lawmakers in the least.

In the midst of all the hubbub of politics, a little thing like the killing of a high-school boy by hazers cannot be expected to make much commotion. Still, there are some twenty million families in this country in which the opening of the schools a few days ago was an event of some interest, and therefore it may not be out of place to direct attention to an item of news—not the first of its kind—which tells of a "freshman" in the Middletown (O.) High School who is dying as the result, it is charged, of having been compelled to push a pencil across the floor of the school gymnasium with his nose, being urged along in his task by kicks. We hear a great deal nowadays of the beautiful possibilities both of schools as such and of school buildings, in the promotion of good citizenship; but it may be doubted whether, in the long run, anything the schools may do to this end can equal in value what can be done by them in the enforcement of the plain requirements of wholesome discipline. The atrocities of hazing—that is, hazing carried to barbarous and dangerous extremes—are peculiar to the schools of our country; and it is not by any means a mere accident that the other criticism most frequently levelled against them is that of lack of accuracy in the pupils' knowledge. The idea of discipline, of subjection of the youngster's own notions of what is worth while, or what is permissible, to the control of his teachers or his elders, plays an extremely minor part in our schools; and the barbarous lawlessness of hazing is only the most grotesque of the manifestations of this.

What makes the physician play so prominent a rôle in contemporary revolutionary politics? asks the *Medical Review of Reviews*. It cites the example of China and Portugal. The case of China involves, of course, Sun Yat-Sen, who, as we showed the other day, was a busy medical practitioner before he gave himself to the task of liberating his country from the yoke of the Manchus. In Portugal, the *Review of Reviews* points out, Dr. Affonso Costa is leader of the Democratic party, Dr. Antonio José d'Almeida is leader of the Conservatives, and Dr. Brito Camacho is leader of the moderate Unionist faction. We wonder if the *Review* is sure of its facts with regard to Portugal. The doctoral title is very common among public men in Spain, Portugal, and Latin America. It does not refer to medicine at all, but describes men who have pursued the higher university studies and who are probably doctors of law or letters. The explanation that "the physician's experience with the ills of humanity has given him a peculiar fitness for larger services to the state," strikes one as somewhat fantastic. The truth would rather seem to be that in backward countries the medical student is the first one to be brought into touch with the exact sciences and the first to

be imbued with a materialistic philosophy.

The proposed celebration of the centenary of the birth of Sir Isaac Pitman will not commemorate the man who invented shorthand, but the man who invented the system of shorthand which the world has found most practicable. The inventor of abbreviated writing is as completely lost in the mists of antiquity as the inventor of books. The Greeks and Romans had more or less imperfect systems of shorthand, which were known as late as the tenth century. It was the nineteenth century that witnessed the triumph of making the human hand as fast as the human tongue, and, as a consequence, of adding immensely to the visible supply of words. What the postal systems of all countries owe to the ability of the least literary to get his ideas on paper, is simply beyond calculation. Even the printing press is outdone by a combination of stenographer and typewriter that turns out personal communications in a flood.

In a memorandum on the Panama Canal issued by the Pan-American Union, Director John Barrett lays emphasis on the elaborate preparations that are being made by commercial and shipping interests all over the world for taking advantage of the Canal a year and a half from now. European shipbuilding yards are busy constructing fleets of ocean-going merchant vessels. European Governments are instructing their diplomatic representatives to make a complete study of new conditions created by the Canal. In Japan new steamship companies are being organized. China plans a line of steamships to Central and South America. Australian commercial organizations are sending representatives to South America to develop trade. The Latin republics are astir. Chili is building a fifteen-million-dollar harbor at Valparaiso. Bolivia is building railways. Peru and Ecuador and Brazil and Argentina are improving their ports. But if Mr. Barrett's implications are that the United States has been idle in the meantime, he is incorrectly informed. We, too, have been busy. We have been sending troops and ultimatums to Nicaragua. We have been keeping the Mexican Government on the razor edge of anxiety. We have dropped hints to Santo Domingo. Everywhere we have been preparing the way for the upbuilding of our Latin American commerce by making it plain that bluster, threats, and intervention follow the commercial flag of the United States.

The Ulster Unionists have hitherto deprecated the injection of the religious question into their campaign against Home Rule. It is not so much the oppression of the Protestant minority by the Catholic majority that they have feared as the economic exploitation of Belfast and the prosperous industrial North by the agricultural majorities from the Southern counties. But in the solemn pact and covenant which has been issued by the Unionist leaders and which is to be signed by former Cabinet Ministers, present members of Parliament, and other men high in public affairs, the pretence of nonsectarianism is cast aside. The Covenant, according to a dispatch, is to be signed in the various Protestant places of worship "after the most impressive religious service." Irishmen are thus called upon to rally round the banner of religious intolerance; the hatreds inherited from times when religious passions ran riot are to be fanned into flame in this, the twentieth, century. It remains to be seen whether such an anachronism can really prove effective. The Liberal Government, in weighing the chances of actual resistance on the part of Ulster, must now take into account the fact that if the enactment of Home Rule will arouse evil passions in the North of Ireland, the failure to satisfy Ireland's claims will leave behind it a spirit of embittered religious partisanship exceeding in virulence anything the island has known for generations.

When the commercial treaty between this country and Russia was abrogated last year, directly by Mr. Taft but indirectly through the action of Congress, the state of resentment aroused in Russia was said to be such as to make any overtures on the part of the Czar's Government for a renewal of the treaty highly improbable. Now there seems to be little doubt that Russia's attitude has changed and that tentative proposals for a renewal of the treaty are discussed in St. Petersburg. That, as a matter of fact, is the only way the old status could be restored. People who wished to see our commercial relations with Russia unchanged argued, last year, that American business interests stood to lose more than Russian business interests by the quarrel, and that the first attempts at a reconciliation would have to come from us. But we need only recall to what degree public opinion in this country was aroused on the subject, the virtually unanimous action of Congress, and the fact that the issue was made one affecting our national dignity, to see that we could not take the first step towards a new treaty. It is true that Russia, too, made the matter one of national honor. But the important difference is that, whereas with us any change of opinion on the subject would have to make itself felt throughout the country, in Russia the Czar's Government is unhampered by public opinion and can easily execute a faceabout if its interests so demand.

The financial world is now busy with a new Chinese puzzle. Nobody as yet has professed to be able to offer a complete explanation of the mysterious Mr. Jackson and his loan. Meanwhile, Chinese Treasury bonds, in comparatively small amounts, have begun to make their way into the London market. While the financial machinery employed by the Peking Government in floating these loans remains obscure, the motives behind them should not be so very difficult to get at. China has not necessarily broken with the six Powers from whom she was to obtain a loan of $300,000,000. Negotiations have been suspended. But instead of waiting resignedly for the good will of the Powers to assert itself, the Chinese Government has evidently decided to apply a touch of moral compulsion. The needs of the new Republic are great, and it seems highly improbable that the elaborate schemes of economic and financial reconstruction which have been formulated can ever be carried out by means of such petty loans as the Government may obtain from unofficial European sources. Yet these loans serve the purpose of a warning against excessive pretensions on the part of the Powers. If the latter believed that the fortunes of new China would be entrusted to their management, they must be undeceived. Having won their liberty from the Manchus, the people of China are now in the mood to issue a declaration of independence against foreign domination.

THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

Last Sunday marked the fiftieth anniversary of Lincoln's first Emancipation Proclamation. To it he came but slowly; yet no other act so clearly entitles him to the plaudits of mankind. In June of 1862, to a delegation of Quakers, he expressed doubt whether a decree of emancipation would affect the South, since the Constitution itself could not be enforced there. To this the delegation answered in the language of the Scripture: "For if thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, then shall there enlargement and deliverance arise to the Jews from another place; but thou and thy father's house shall be destroyed." Mr. Lincoln answered that he was deeply sensible of his need of Divine guidance; he was most willing to be an instrument in God's hands for achieving a great work. Yet he hesitated and temporized; he tried to induce the Border States to join him in a plan for either gradual or immediate emancipation—1900 was to be the date of the former!—and he still hoped to remove and colonize the freed people, then as now an impossible undertaking, not to speak of its moral aspects. Reimbursing the States which had inflicted such frightful losses in lives and property upon the Union was still another idea which lingered in his mind, and was urged publicly and privately. Finally, going, as he told his Cabinet, "to fulfil the promise I made to myself and to my God," he issued the Proclamation now celebrated, conferring emancipation in the rebellious States, giving them one hundred days of grace, and providing gradual emancipation for the Border States. Not until January 1, 1863, was the task of liberation completed by the second Proclamation, and during the interval Mr. Lincoln's mind recurred to gradual emancipation by means of a Constitutional amendment.

With the immediate effect of emancipation upon both the slaves and the military operations, we are less concerned to-day than with its larger aspects. No one has yet, it seems to us, adequately measured the services of the colored troops, the recruitment of which, already begun, went rapidly forward as soon as the Proclamation came into being, Massachusetts leading. Nothing in all history was ever more fitting, however, than that the first troops to enter Richmond should have been Gen. Godfrey Weitzel's black men; it was a direct corollary of emancipation, in which it is hard not to see the hand of Providence. Nor have we yet had a complete study of Reconstruction from a master hand—that extraordinary period in which, as Carl Schurz said, the problems were not to be solved in any way without erring and some grave injustice. But the great fact remains that all the efforts to preserve or extend slavery, or to pretend that the issue of emancipation was unrelated to that of preserving the Union, were swept away by the inexorable march of events. Lincoln himself found the public pressure irresistible in 1862; the mills of the gods were grinding exceeding fine that year the hopes both of the slaveholders in the South and of those men in the North who would have compromised.

To-day, however men of the North and the South may differ as to the treatment of the negro, however much they may differ as to their reading of the historic past, no one is to be found anywhere who would reëstablish the curse of unpaid, chattel labor. The most pessimistic of cotton-growers to-day, he who can say no good word for his negro laborers, would not urge a return to the old days. For he knows that those prophets of evil who declared in and out of Congress that cotton could never be made to pay with a wage-cost added have long since been refuted, and that free labor at its worst is vastly better than that driven by the lash. So, too, have those been refuted who were typified by the man who asked Wendell Phillips if he did not know that emancipation would make the entire South impossible as a residence for white men, and particularly women. To him Phillips replied that he "intrenched himself upon the principle of human freedom, and left the working out to God." Never was faith better justified; for, despite many cases of lawlessness—which was not unknown in slavery days—the colored people are to-day among the most law-abiding of human beings, when due allowance is made for the condition of degradation and ignorance, of deprivation of the protection of the law and rights of citizenship, under which millions are compelled to live.

As for the colored people themselves, despite all the injustice under which they still stagger, they have every reason both to venerate the name of Lincoln and to take heart as they look back fifty years. From a chattel to a human being—that is the measure of the effect of Lincoln's pen. To own one's body and one's soul; to know no longer the anguish of seeing wife and child sold to meet a creditor's demand or an executor's order—surely the burdens of to-day are but slight compared with those of half a century ago. And the future is still theirs. How can they falter or fail to have faith and hope when they think not only of the change since 1862, but of the story of the fifty years which preceded the Proclamation? Their weakness to-day is chiefly their inability to organize to defend their rights. United they would stand far better; divided they fall before oppression. Can anything else be expected when one reflects on the conditions of their servitude? Or is there an innate race-weakness such as the Jews have never known in the darkest days of their age-long battle against prejudice and injustice? Time alone will show—not a year, nor a decade or two; Mr. Washington's powerful business league may even now be blazing the way. But even if the colored people should always need help and protection, the glory, the majesty, and the wisdom of the Emancipation Proclamation remain undimmed as the first great step to right the most fearful wrong the Western Hemisphere has ever known.

LET THE PEOPLE RULE!

When Mr. Roosevelt at Denver, in the course of a reply to some questions put by Mr. Bryan, declared that he "should be glad to have the recall for the President," he was not speaking on the impulse of the moment. In a speech at Phœnix, Arizona, two days before, he had said: "I would go even farther than the Progressive platform. I should like to have the recall applied to everybody, including the President." Now this development of Mr. Roosevelt's programme is not interesting chiefly as a practical proposition, or even in relation to its theoretical merits. The real concern to Americans in Mr. Roosevelt's whole agitation and, above all, in the way it is accepted by people of intelligence, is the underlying spirit upon which he depends for giving it irresistible popularity. With whatever qualifications he

may begin, along any of the lines that he is pursuing, it appears very soon that those qualifications are purely formal or tentative, and that he really stands upon the bald doctrine of unrestricted majority rule. "Let the people rule" is a fine catchword; but when translated into intelligible fact it turns out to mean simply "let the majority at any given time have its way in everything." "The people" includes the minority as well as the majority; it is not the people in this sense, however, for whose rule Mr. Roosevelt clamors—it is the majority for the time being. But it is just against the dangers threatened by such majority rule, in those crises which try the temper of nations, that the safeguard of constitutional government as the outgrowth of ages of experience has been erected.

"My own experience," says Mr. Roosevelt, "was that I could do nothing as President except when the people were heartily with me." Throughout a wide range of public questions and national contingencies, what Mr. Roosevelt here says must be true of any President. But no mistake could be more fatal than to forget that there are cases of a wholly different kind. There have been Presidents who could do, when the time required it, what Mr. Roosevelt confesses he could not do. The people were not "heartily with" Grover Cleveland when, throughout one of the most critical periods of our history in time of peace, he stood like a wall of iron against the debasement of the national currency. He had enjoyed unbounded popularity in his own party, and extraordinary esteem throughout the Union without regard to party; but there came dark days in which, by a mere count of noses, he was probably the most unpopular man in the country. The plague of low prices was then desolating the masses, and he would not stir hand or foot to relieve them of it. On the contrary, he used all his personal energies, and all the official influence at his command, to put an end, for the time being, to the coinage of silver, and thus to strengthen the hands of those who were preparing for the life-and-death struggle between sound money and currency debasement which was to take place two years later. But where does that divine majority stand now which Mr. Cleveland then defied? How many persons in these United States to-day wish that we had gone to a silver basis in 1894? Time has recalled not the President's decision, but that of "the people"; and nobody approves time's verdict more thoroughly than that same "people" itself.

Yet the essential matter here is not that President Cleveland was right and "the people" wrong. It might have been the other way; the wisest and truest of men may err, as well as the majority. The point is that here was a momentous question in the policy of the nation and in the affairs of all its people, which, upon the principle of unrestricted majority rule, would have been decided by learning whether on a certain given day, in the then excited condition of the public mind, the people who wanted the change made were not more numerous than those who were opposed to it. Now, that change would have been irreversible. The fundamental objection to the silver proposition—the objection alongside which all others must be regarded as minor—was that it altered the monetary standard. Whatever moral wrong, and whatever economic disturbance, might have been caused by this act would have been done once for all and could never be undone. Is it not preposterous to say that a matter of this kind should be passed upon with the same ease, with the same absence of personal responsibility, and by the same crude apparatus of a mere count of noses, as is the temporary filling of an office or the approval of a paving loan? Yet to precisely such negation of the functions of responsible government is the whole of this sudden agitation to "let the people rule" unmistakably committed.

What will happen after the 5th of November we shall not be so rash as to attempt to forecast. But for the present we cannot forbear to say that to our mind the most depressing aspect of the Rooseveltian craze is the evidence it furnishes of a want of serious political thought, or political conviction, in quarters where these things might have been confidently supposed to exist. Projects of the most far-reaching character, changes which would go to the very root of our political being and our national character, are greeted with smiling nonchalance, as though they were mere minor incidents in the accomplishment of certain specific reforms. That many of the followers of Mr. Roosevelt are animated by the purest and highest desire for the improvement of the condition of the masses, is unquestionable; but apparently there is not one of them that has taken the pains to examine into either the necessity or the desirability of the means by which it is proposed to advance those ends; to consider what consequences in the long run may be brought about by the innovations which they welcome as a short cut to their immediate objects; or even in a general way to ask themselves what really is the range and scope of these innovations, to what extent they would amount to a wiping out of our whole national tradition. They enter light-heartedly upon a voyage of which they seem to take no trouble to find out either the probable course or the destined end; they put unquestioning trust in a pilot who is fired with a consuming zeal for every new scheme that occurs to him as attractive, and whose devotion to the project is manifestly grounded primarily upon an unbounded confidence in his own ability to bring to success any undertaking to which he may have committed himself. Such a combination of readiness for rash innovation and of blind following of a plausible leader, on the part of persons of education and intelligence, is a new and far from encouraging phenomenon in American political history.

THE BANKERS' CONVENTION AND CURRENCY REFORM.

The action or inaction—it is described in both ways—of the recent bankers' convention at Detroit, regarding currency reform, has evoked conflicting comment. That the convention neither renewed its endorsement of the Aldrich banking and currency plan, nor appointed a committee to urge the enactment of that plan or any other, was assumed in many quarters to mean that the American Bankers' Association had openly professed indifference to the movement, and that the prospect for reform legislation was seriously blighted. This does not, in our judgment, necessarily follow.

The dispatches from Detroit told of a widespread disagreement among the delegates, first as to undertaking any such propaganda at the present political juncture; secondly, as to the wisdom of declaring themselves specifically for the Aldrich plan. The second consideration was recognized a little late in the day. At New Orleans, in last year's an-

nual convention, the bankers unanimously voted that the Association gave "its unqualified approval to the revised plan proposed by Hon. Nelson W. Aldrich, chairman of the National Monetary Commission."

That action was taken without debate on the plan, either as a whole or in its separate provisions; and in view of the fact that even the banking community was not in agreement as to all those details, the vote was pretty sure to cause embarrassment in the future. In endeavoring, at the Detroit convention, to harmonize the difference of opinion which had developed during the year, the bankers voted the following resolution:

> In order that the position of the American Bankers' Association as to a reformation of our financial and banking system may be fairly understood, and correctly placed before the public,
>
> Be it resolved, That this Association will coöperate with any and all people in devising a financial system for this country which shall place us on a par with the other great commercial and competing nations; a system which shall give to the American people, of all classes and conditions, the financial facilities and industrial advantages to which they are entitled.

We cannot honestly say that the convention made a great success of its compromise resolution—"coöperate with any and all people" is a little like invitation for the host of amateur currency reformers of 1907 and 1908 to appear again on the scene—but the convention faced a difficult problem, and perhaps there was for the present no other way out than indulgence in generalities.

It will naturally be asked what effect this negative action of the Detroit convention will have on the general movement. In the first place, existing conditions have made it both necessary and advisable that the currency reform discussion should for the time be allowed to rest in abeyance. It is not a factor in the Presidential contest, and it could hardly be made so without injuring the prospects of legitimate reform.

The attitude of the parties towards currency reform in general, and towards the Aldrich plan in particular, is peculiar. The Republican platform did not mention the Aldrich plan; the essential parts of its declaration on the currency were as follows:

> Our banking arrangements to-day need further revision to meet the requirements of current conditions. We need measures which will prevent the recurrence of money panics and financial disturbances, and which will promote the prosperity of this country by producing constant employment.
>
> We need better currency facilities for the movement of crops in the West and South. . . . In attaining these ends, the investments of individual banks, whether organized under national or State charters, must be carefully protected and our banking and currency system must be safeguarded from any possibility of domination by sectional, financial, or political interests.

This was discreetly vague. So is the Democratic platform's currency plank, which declares as follows:

> We believe the people of the country will be largely freed from panics and consequent unemployment and business depression by such a systematic revision of our banking laws as will render temporary relief in localities where such relief is needed, with protection from control or domination by what is known as the Money Trust.
>
> Banks exist for the accommodation of the public, and not for the control of business. All legislation on the subject of banking and currency should have for its purpose the securing of these accommodations on terms of absolute security to the public, and of complete protection from the misuse of the power that wealth gives to those who possess it.

This profession of faith is preceded by a statement of the party's "opposition to the Aldrich bill or the establishment of a central bank."

As for the Third Party, its "money plank," along with a statement of hostility to the Aldrich plan, of belief in currency reform, and of the need for protection from Wall Street domination, has this to say:

> We believe the present method of issuing notes through private agencies is harmful and unscientific. The issue of currency is fundamentally a Government function, and the system should have as basic principles soundness and elasticity.

We are ourselves in some doubt as to what this means, and perhaps its authors were not sure about it. Mr. Victor Berger, the one Socialist Representative in Congress, alluding no doubt to the currency plank's denunciation of all but Government-issued money, says that it "smacks of greenbackism." In form, it certainly bears an odd resemblance to parts of the currency plank with which the Populist party entered the field in 1892—"We demand a national currency, safe, sound, and flexible; issued by the general Government only." But this is one of the Third Party's declarations to which no one paid any serious attention.

The point which we wish to emphasize, however, is that nothing could be more futile, to the advocates of the Aldrich bill especially, than to force a disputed currency reform plan into this political arena. If it gained one party's approval, it would probably draw the fire of the other. The Bankers' Convention was entirely wise in refusing to help towards doing so. The country is perfectly well aware that it has several other political matters to settle before it gives up its mind to currency reform. When it has at length reached the time to attend to this matter, the two great parties will, at all events, have declared for conservative measures of reform, and the many unquestionably good points of the Aldrich plan will still be in the field for consideration.

"PRACTICAL" EDUCATION.

The cry for immediate utility as the chief end of education swells in volume every day. In the report of a committee of the National Educational Association, at the annual meeting in Chicago, we read: "High school education is generally bookish, scholastic, abstract, and inadequate to meet the practical problems of life"; and the whole system is just where it was thirty years ago. The cause of the failure is laid bare: "The whole trouble with our high-school education is that it is regarded too much as merely a preparation for the university. Instead of dealing with the problems of life to-day the students are taught to deal with the language, politics, and customs of fifteen centuries ago." The remedy is "a change in high-school teaching, a look in the direction of the farm, shop, and home."

Only about 12 per cent. of the pupils of high schools are preparing for college; and high-school teachers are right in believing that the 88 per cent. whose education ends with the high-school diploma, or even earlier, must be first considered. Moreover, the colleges and universities have led the way in establishing this view. In all of them except four or five endowed universities of the East entrance to college may be through certificate from the secondary school; and within eighteen months Harvard has adopted an examination system based on subjects which are always taught in all good high schools. Thus the need of adapting the high-school course to the demands of the colleges has been done away with by the colleges themselves. The high schools are already free to work out a reasonable curriculum for their pupils as a whole.

The freedom has by no means produced peace, however. Teachers and authorities of the secondary schools are divided over the theory on which the curriculum of those schools shall be constructed. There has been much display of "facts" discovered; but questionnaires on such subjects mostly lead back to the truth that there are two types of human nature, and that teachers divide in about the same way as other people. Prof. William James denominated the two types the tough-minded and the tender-minded. In philosophy they are the pragmatists and the idealists; among the theorists on education they appear as the believers in the practical and the believers in pure culture. At present, the educational pragmatists, the tough-minded believers in the practical, have the floor; and the tender-minded believers in culture are as sheep without a shepherd.

We may admit that the public high schools must regard first of all the 88 per cent. of their pupils who will get no further education. Their business as schools is to do their share in raising the standards of living throughout the nation, and all gains in this direction must be built on economic efficiency. Therefore the schools must think of efficiency. But they must also remember that ultimate efficiency is not necessarily the same thing as the immediately practical.

The difficulty with too many of the present-day reformers of education is that they forget this; and they confuse the inquiry, "Does high-school education pay?" by assuming that it means, "Does the high-school graduate get better pay as soon as he leaves the high school?" As a result, the commercial courses in high schools are cumbered with elaborate methods of computing interest and of keeping books that are never heard of in business, and pupils are loaded up with facts and drilled in set methods that do more harm than good. The boy whose mind closes early on a fixed body of facts and a single, invariable method of doing things makes the man who settles down permanently to the dull monotony of a clerk's desk. The boy who keeps his curiosity and his zest for exploring is the boy who breaks loose from the shackles of routine and becomes manager or partner.

Now, to produce the latter kind of boy, training of the mind is more important than acquisition of facts and drill in methods. Professor Woodbridge of Columbia had a sound article in the *Columbia University Quarterly* on the doctrine that the college exists first and foremost for the increase of intelligence. The high school, as well as the college, should exist first and foremost for the increase of intelligence. But this is not the storing of facts which can be put to immediate use in the shop, the home, and on the farm, nor is it finished expertness in the processes of manufacture or trade. It is rather the capacity to see new facts, to discriminate their significance, and to reason out the general conclusions of principle or action to which they lead. On the whole, this capacity is better developed by the old education than by the new, so-called practical, subjects. It takes not only patience but intelligence to grapple with facts whose significance lies in the mass and below the surface; and the classical languages and mathematics have never been surpassed as gymnasium work for the mind. The fact that Mr. J. P. Morgan might have been to-day a professor of mathematics in a German university is brimming with light for the apostles of the practical.

We have said nothing of the duty of high schools to open new horizons for those of its pupils whose fortune it is to have no further education, nor of their duty to justify and transmit the ideals on which this country was founded and on which it has grown. If these ideals are to live in the nation, its sons and its daughters must know what it is to see visions and what is meant by the prophesying of the spirit; and the high schools, which for so large a part of the select youth of the nation mean the only higher education, must not lose their privilege of being to some degree schools of the prophets.

CIRCUS LEMONADE.

Middle-aged city men at their desks, when they read of the death of H. E. Alcott, who first gave pink lemonade to the world, will lay down their fountain pens and gaze out at Broadway through a blur of wistful reminiscence and faded romance. Beyond the skyscrapers and the crowds they will see the circus making its triumphal entry into town. Its way had been prepared. One morning the town awoke to find its available blank walls and fences plastered with visions from an enchanted land. Elephants transcending in size the wildest dreams of the zoölogist, ferocious beasts leaping at their bars with unmistakable intentions upon the surrounding small boys, cavaliers straight from the Field of the Cloth of Gold, beautiful damsels on Arabian steeds smiling simultaneously in all directions, gymnasts riding the high trapeze in defiance of prudence and the law of gravitation, clowns, fat ladies, india-rubber men, untamed denizens of the jungle, infant prodigies—well, what profit is there in recalling all the details of a dream that has vanished? The real circus always fell far short of specifications, but what boy then saw a circus except through the naze of his own imaginings? When the day of the procession arrived, a series of unparalleled disasters fell upon a large part of the school population and its immediate relatives. Grandmothers died in astounding numbers. Ravaging toothaches developed overnight and necessitated an immediate visit to the dentist. Overworked mothers suddenly collapsed under the strain of duty, and so required the imperative presence of their boys at home. Society shifted from its moorings.

The number of small boys who effected a surreptitious entrance under the canvas tent or earned their way by performing valeting service in the menagerie was, after all, not very large. The great majority came in by the front door, openly, even ostentatiously. To make this possible, there was a raid upon hoarded treasure. Tin savings banks were unlocked ceremoniously in the presence of, and with the sanction of, the heads of the family, or were broken open in the dead of night with a hatchet. Sleds, rubber-boots, a set of carpenter's tools, a bicycle, all these became remote ideals in the face of the living present. Where such accumulated treasure did not exist, there was a sudden rise in the moral tone of the school population during the week immediately preceding the advent of the circus. Lessons were mastered with a devotion and facility that was almost alarming. Chores found themselves done without orders from superiors. Cleanliness of face and clothes became the rule. Boys clamored to be allowed to do their home lessons after supper and these were interrupted only by anx-

ious inquiries addressed to bewildered parents whether it wasn't time for children to go to bed. We firmly believe that the influence of the circus as a moral force in the community has been greatly misjudged. For every boy who ran away to be an acrobat or played truant to be a spectator, a dozen boys experienced an extraordinary spiritual regeneration. It is true that the awakening began the day the circus posters appeared on the fences and vanished the day after the departure of the show, but then what would you ask of poor human nature?

Our children who go to the circus nowadays are fearfully blasé. To them the circus is not an event, but an incident. Its features have been appropriated and familiarized and cheapened by the vaudeville houses, and the roof gardens, and the summer parks. The gift of illusion is waning among fathers and children alike. But in the circus that used to come to town when Garfield was President, illusion prevailed, and in the circuses that come to those happy places that are still towns and not vast acreages of brick and mortar, illusion still prevails. When a magnificent, unparalleled, and totally unprecedented prize of five dollars was offered to any one in the audience who could ride the recalcitrant donkey, the effect of dramatic suspense was perfect. The young soul knew what was coming, but it had not seen the thing happen often enough to lose the capacity for surprise. First a comic Irishman would try to ride the donkey and be thrown off at the first attempt, amidst vast hilarity. Then a Dutchman would try; he lasted a little longer than the Irishman, but he, too, met his fate. Then a clown would enter the lists. He held on long enough to raise the highest hopes, but he also succumbed at the apparent moment of victory. And all this time the young soul knew that somewhere in the audience was the man of destiny who would cling to the donkey's tail with one hand and the donkey's head with the other, and conquer him. The man will make his appearance in the guise of a country bumpkin whose ungainly appearance arouses shrieks of laughter. His ride will be a series of ridiculous contortions and apparent hair-breadth escapes from death. But once he is declared the victor, he will cast his rural garments from him and, revealing himself in the splendor of pink tights and spangles, ride out from the ring amidst the clamorous applause of the multitude.

And now we have three-ring circuses, and glorious Eastern pageants, and revolving stages, and huge tanks of real water, and complicated mechanical daredevil exploits. But where is the zest of other days, when the soul fastened its breathless attention upon one ring instead of scattering it wearily over three? Three rings instead of one; and sanitary ginger-pop in individual bottles drawn through a straw instead of the pink lemonade showing a quota of microbes to the cubic millimetre that would make Dr. Wiley shudder! Where is the tang of intimacy and participation which brought the small boy and the clown and the elephant and the donkey into one bond of sympathy? Will not some Winthrop Ames of the arena give us a Little Circus? Or must we be told by George W. Perkins that the day of the small circus is gone forever, and that only the Big Circus can flourish amidst conditions unforeseen by the Fathers who made the Constitution? Happy those rural portions of the nation where the old ideas still prevail. For us in the city it only remains to remember and regret. The pink lemonade is gone, the steam calliope is gone, the freaks are going; even the advance agent's alliteration is dying out.

AN ISHMAEL OF SCIENCE IN HISTORY.

PARIS, September 14.

"La Révolution française et la psychologie des révolutions" (E. Flammarion, 3.50 francs), by Dr. Gustave Le Bon, will, as usual when this author speaks his mind, cause a fluttering in official dovecotes. In his own land of science, he is a wild man; and now that he enters the field of history, his hand is still against every man. His Introduction he entitles "the revisions of history," as it were a succession of Dreyfus cases:

> The modern age is an epoch, not of discoveries only, but of revision of the divers elements of knowledge as well. . . . Science has seen its old principles vanish one by one. . . . Notwithstanding its conjectural side withholding it somewhat from too severe criticism, history has not escaped this universal revision. . . . Among events of which the study seemed finished, there figures the French Revolution, . . . and behold, its most convinced defenders are beginning to hesitate in their judgments. . . . Several causes have brought about the revision of this tragic period. Time has calmed passions, numerous documents have slowly issued forth from archives, and men have learned to interpret them with independence. But it is modern psychology, perhaps, which will act most on our ideas by enabling us to penetrate better into men and the motives of their conduct.
>
> Among its discoveries which may already be applied to history, there should be mentioned chiefly: a more thorough acquaintance with ancestral action; the laws which govern crowds; experiments relating to the disaggregation of personalities; mental contagion; the unconscious formation of beliefs; the distinction of the different forms of logic.

Here, from the start, the author flings in our faces the formulas of the New Knowledge. To some they will seem little but variations of the technical slang that wrappeth up counsel in unskilful words; to others they will prove a darkening of counsel by words without meaning. In reality, Dr. Gustave Le Bon is an author who exceeds his natural right of having one new idea to a page. Perhaps a scientific certificate may be found for him in the respect shown him by Henri Poincaré. What he has to say is really useful, and so is the mental effort which he forces us to make to adjust old thought to new forms of speech. For example, in history the disaggregation of a personality can mean little else but what we used to call the weakening and going to pieces of a character under new strain; for character is the sum of a man's habits of will, and, though habits constitute a second nature for the person, they can evidently do their work only in things habitual. Also, ages before the French Revolution, it had been observed that men who sow the wind reap the whirlwind in themselves and plunge into actions for which there is no precedent in their previous lives. The mere attribution of this to individuals and masses of men who form their beliefs unconsciously and act, not with consistency of reasoning, but by "affective" or "mystical" or "collective" logic, is not new knowledge. Pascal summed it in a sentence: "The heart has reasons which reason does not know." Gustave Le Bon attaches a quite special importance to the "mystic spirit which consists in the attribution of a mysterious power to superior beings or forces, taken concretely as idols, fetishes, words, and formulas. It is the foundation . . . of the greater part of political beliefs."

We may, indeed, look askance at this new labelling of known facts of history, and not admit some of the underlying hypotheses. Yet we must acknowledge our author's searching analysis of the facts; and no reader of his book who exercises the logic of reason can afford to pass lightly over his more or less new interpretation of them. One-third of his book is given to a general first part on the psychological elements of revolutionary movements, scientific,

political, and religious, and on the different parts played in them by governments and the people:

Although a revolution has sometimes a rational origin, we must not forget that the reasons invoked to prepare it act on crowds only after their transformation into feelings, . . . Whatever its origin, a revolution is productive of consequences only after it has descended into the soul of the multitude. . . . A revolution therefore reaches down to the multitude, but it has not there its starting point. The crowd represents an amorphous being which can do nothing and wills nothing without a head to guide it. Very quickly it outstrips the impulse received, but it creates the impulse never.

. . . Lower, and very far from the scientific revolutions which generate the progress of civilizations, there figure the religious and political revolutions; and these are without relation with the scientific revolutions. While the latter derive solely from rational elements, political and religious beliefs have their support almost exclusively in affective and mystical factors. . . . From the single fact that it is considered absolute truth, belief necessarily becomes intolerant. Thus are explained the violence and hatred and persecution which form the habitual train of political and religious revolutions, notably of the Reformation and the French Revolution.

. . . Political revolutions may result from beliefs which have become settled in souls, but there are many other causes to produce them. The synthesis of the causes is represented by the term of discontent. . . . Unless it becomes universal and excessive, discontent is not sufficient to make revolutions. It is easy to lead a handful of men to pillage and destroy or massacre; but to make a whole people rise, or at least a great part of a people, the repeated action of agitators is necessary. . . . In this way were prepared the Christian revolution and the French Revolution. The reason why the latter took but few years while the former needed many is that our Revolution had quickly for itself armed force, whereas Christianity was very late in winning material power. . . . When the triumph follows violent struggles, as in the French Revolution, the conquerors will reject in a lump the whole arsenal of old law. The partisans of the fallen rule will be persecuted and expelled or exterminated. The maximum of violence in persecutions is reached when the triumphant party defends, over and above its material interests, a belief. Then the conquered can expect no pity. Thus are explained the expulsion of the Moors by Spaniards, the auto-da-fes of the Inquisition, and (in France) the executions of the Convention and the recent laws against religious communities.

This sequence of propositions from our author's opening chapter is needed to indicate the fundamental principles of his treatment of the French Revolution, which our grandfathers watched without understanding and which we study multifariously with little more intelligence. There are still too many enthusiasms, too many hatreds, and far too many personal interests involved to expect Gustave Le Bon's particular conclusions to be accepted by every one. Possibly his own ruthless use of scientific methods and theories, and his personal satisfaction in applying them to burning questions of to-day, will stir prejudice against him in many intellectual quarters. It is not given to every historian as to Tocqueville to write a fundamental book on the French Revolution in which, as Lord Acton remarked, later study has found nothing to change. But it may be asserted confidently that no future critic of history already written and no future historian can legitimately write as if Gustave Le Bon's book were not written.

The preliminary chapter on the religious revolution of the Reformation (in France), on account of its "importance for the understanding of great political revolutions," is sure to displease those who persist in realizing their conceptions abstracted from a mid-Victorian Gladstone in a Coligny under the expiring Valois rule. Our author's idea of religious toleration in practice is not essentially different from John Stuart Mill's, that it is possible only in the direct ratio of religious indifference:

In the ancient world, it was attained only by polytheists. In modern times, nations that practice it may equally be qualified as polytheists, since, as in England and America, they are divided into numberless religious sects. Under identical names, they adore in reality gods sufficiently diverse. . . . Thus we are brought to face a psychological problem not yet resolved—How to possess a belief that shall be at once strong and tolerant.

On this truly crucial question, our author insists whenever he touches on the intolerance of the French Revolution, of recent Radicalism, of Socialism when it is turned into a religion, and of Anarchy which is already so. The answer is vital to Americans, for the legislators of our liberties and the people after them thought an answer could be found by a law-abiding people in an explicit limitation of the powers of government. The keen understanding of Professor Esmein, in his learned work on Constitutional Law, recognizes such limitation of government as an American innovation; but even he fails to see the underlying principle in the minds of all American generations, except perhaps the latest. In the practice of French revolutions, Gustave Le Bon is quite alive to another and physical limitation of all governments:

If you know only the overturns of France for more than a century, you will suppose that she has been living in profound anarchy. Just the contrary, for in her economic and industrial, and even in her political, life there is manifested a continuity which seems independent of all overturns and all régimes. Beside the great events with which history is occupied, there are the little facts of daily life not related in books and dominated by imperious needs which do not wait. The sum of them forms the real web and woof of a people's life. . . . To make revolutions is easy, to modify a people's soul is very hard.

This leads straight to the study of the part played by the real people in revolutions and of "the entity People and its constitutive elements"; and of the "forms of mentality predominant during revolutions." Here we have characteristic chapters on the mystic and the Jacobin, the revolutionary and the criminal minds, and on the psychology of revolutionary crowds and assemblies.

The second and longer part of the book applies these scientific results as so many general principles of judgment to the French Revolution in particular. First, the opinions of historians are sifted, their old theories of fatalism and their new uncertainties and their impartiality. Then there is a psychological study of the old régime, of the mental anarchy at the moment of the Revolution, and of the part in it attributed to eighteenth-century philosophers. For present utility, the most important of these chapters should be that of the "psychological illusions of the French Revolution" concerning primitive man and the state of nature and the people's soul; illusions of the possibility of separating men from their past and of the transforming power of laws, and of the theoretic value of the great principles of the Revolution.

From the Revolution in its destructive triumph, we are led to consider the inevitably reactionary "struggle between ancestral influences and Revolutionary principles." This gives us the "last convulsions of anarchy" under the Directory, the coming of Bonaparte, the reestablishment of order, and the Consular Republic. With the causes of the duration of the Revolution and the psychological elements which determined the success of the Consulate's work, our revision of history comes to an end; but a necessary chapter traces summarily the "political consequences of the conflict between traditions and Revolutionary principles during a century."

A third part, in which each paragraph might be a page or even a chapter, follows up the modern evolution of the principles of the French Revolution in the slow progress of democratic ideas and the inordinate development of equality at the expense of liberty and fraternity. The consequences of such evolution and the present form of the Jacobin spirit created by democratic beliefs; the new forms of such beliefs in the struggle between labor and capital; and the laboring class organizing itself in syndicalism, while democratic governments transform themselves into administrative castes of state functionaries, are objects of present experience in other countries as well as in France:

In this book, I in no wise refuse to acknowledge the importance of certain acquisitions of the Revolution for the people's

rights. But, with many historians, I have had to admit that the gain harvested a the cost of so many ruins would have been obtained later, without effort, by the simple onward march of civilization. For a little time gained, what material disasters were accumulated, what moral disintegration from which we are still suffering! Such brutal cutting of the chain of history is mended but slowly—it has not been mended yet.

From his Arabia of science, Dr. Gustave Le Bon addresses a final warning to "the youth of to-day who seem to prefer action to thought":

If we continue breaking up our cohesion by intestine strife, party rivalry, low religious persecution, and laws to hamper industrial development, the part we play in the world will soon have an end.

S. D.

Correspondence

THE VIOLENCE OF ENGLISH SUFFRAGETTES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: All Americans who are interested in English politics must feel mortified at the unenlightened attitude of certain American periodicals towards the movement for woman suffrage in England. I refer especially to an editorial in the *Outlook* for August 31, entitled, "Murder Is Murder Still." The first thing that Americans must try to understand is not only that the Englishman takes his politics more violently than the American does, but also that his campaign tactics are very different. Certain sorts of fundamentally harmless attack on public persons, and annoying but not really serious damages to property, have become politically conventional in England, and have accompanied every political upheaval of any moment. "The first thing a discontented Englishman does to show his discontent is to smash a few of the Hyde Park railings"; and the window-smashing of the suffragettes belongs strictly in this category. Nor need I recall to any student of history the more serious rioting and destruction of property on the part of men which has preceded every advance in the liberties of which England is so proud. The male agitation for the "Great Reform bill," for example, expressed itself, in Bristol alone, by the burning of the Mansion House, the Custom House, the Bishop's palace, the excise office, three prisons, four toll-houses, and forty-two private dwellings and warehouses; not to speak of more serious occurrences in other parts of England.

If then a certain organization of Englishwomen (and a very large and wealthy one) has embarked upon a definite policy of window-smashing, and of "pestering" public ministers, in order to gain certain political ends, these women are merely doing what they have seen their fathers and brothers do, and what the history of their country teaches them that citizens who consider themselves aggrieved have always done. To say that this extraordinary campaign—so carefully organized and so lavishly financed by people in every walk of life—is "the work of hysterical, crazy, and therefore irresponsible, women," is in the highest degree an untrue as well as an ignorant statement. The "militant" campaign, deliberately begun in 1905, and systematically continued up to the present time, with ever-increasing enthusiasm and a constant gain of recruits, might be described by almost any other adjective than "hysterical."

Perhaps few Americans realize how large and powerful an organization the Women's Social and Political Union is. The central offices at Clement's Inn, Strand, London, occupy twenty-three rooms and employ a salaried staff of 110 persons. Here also there is a shop; and another shop and thirteen rooms are situated on Charing Cross Road. The Woman's Press is here, where the suffrage newspaper, *Votes for Women*, is published once a week. According to the report published last year, there were then also 105 local centres of the Union. The income of the central organization of the Women's Social and Political Union during 1910 was $172,500, exclusive of $45,000 made by the Woman's Press, and large sums collected by local unions. By the close of 1910 the $500,000 campaign fund was complete; and the Union is now engaged in increasing this fund to a million dollars. This enormous fund is an accumulation of small contributions; and upon it rests not the smallest taint of corporation or vested interests.

It is true that the acts committed recently in Dublin by Mrs. Leigh and Miss Gladys Evans are by far the gravest yet undertaken by the suffragettes. They themselves are the last persons to underrate the gravity or to seek to avoid the punishment. Both offenders pleaded guilty instantly. The whole object indeed of these protests is of course to advertise the situation as much as possible, until public opinion forces a reluctant ministry to grant the Parliamentary franchise to women.

Do not understand me to be defending such methods as such. To the average American they are as reprehensible as they are perplexing. But although, happily, American politics follow, and probably always will follow, conventions quite different from those under discussion, intelligent Americans will do well in trying to understand before they deprecate what these Englishwomen are doing.

Frances Berkeley Young.

Madison, Wis., September 7.

[Intelligent men, even in England, do not commonly in cold blood justify a course of deliberate violence for the attainment of a political end.—Ed. Nation.]

THE LATE GEN. OTIS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Will you permit me to utter a word of comment on your appreciative editorial upon the career of the late Lieut.-Gen. Arthur MacArthur, and incidentally to pay a slight tribute to Major-Gen. E. S. Otis, also deceased? I yield to no one in my friendship for and admiration of Gen. MacArthur, a soldier of unusually high standards, who deserved well of his country. But I feel impelled to protest against the slur you appear to cast upon his predecessor in the command-in-chief in the Philippine Islands. That Gen. Otis exercised this command which would have taxed to the utmost the powers of our highest and best officers, with consummate skill and, on the whole, with great success, few officers acquainted with the circumstances will question. Also it may be asserted without fear of contradiction that none such will fail to resent the imputation that the record of our troops in the archipelago was "disgraceful" prior to MacArthur's succession to the supreme command. Quite to the contrary, those who understood the situation will maintain that under the general guidance of Otis both volunteers and regulars displayed soldierly qualities of the highest type in the exhausting operations which fell to their lot. It should be remembered that when Gen. Otis quitted the Islands organized resistance to the authority of the United States had been well-nigh crushed, that the chief and the leaders of the insurrectionary movement, at least those of the latter who had not surrendered or been captured, were dispersed and in hiding—in short, that the backbone of the uprising had been broken. Furthermore, it should not be forgotten that in the pacified provinces of the Island of Luzon the foundation had been laid (much to the satisfaction of the Filipinos) for the establishment of schools on a modern basis, and that methods had been devised, and to a great extent put into operation, for the restoration of civil government.

How highly Gen. Otis's performance, both as general-in-chief and as military Governor, was prized by President McKinley is evidenced by a message the writer carried to Otis in the summer of 1899. "Tell Gen. Otis," said the lamented McKinley, "that he has borne himself magnificently throughout this most trying period, and that he has my full confidence and shall have my unwavering support." Well did Otis merit this encomium. A man of sterling integrity and high purpose, inflexibly intolerant of graft under whatever guise, his face set like flint against depredation upon or undue oppression of the inhabitants on the part of his troops, Gen. Otis never ceased to manifest a lively and sympathetic interest in the Filipino people, and, so far as his mission would permit, to promote their welfare by every means in his power. Though a constant sufferer from a gunshot wound in the head, received in the Civil War, and in hourly danger of assassination (of which warning came to him frequently), he bore for two years the brunt of an awful situation with a courage and serenity of mind which challenge admiration.

As for himself, he was the very opposite of the self-seeker. Uncomplainingly did he witness, after his retirement, the elevation above him in rank of officers who had always been his subordinates, in some cases not even his immediate subordinates. Any future history of the American campaigns in the Philippines, if impartially and painstakingly composed from the abundant materials at hand, must needs do that full justice to the memory of Elwell S. Otis which the remoteness of the scene of his toil and the busy life of the American people, so absorbed in present-day affairs as

to give little heed to the past, have thus far withheld from him.

THEODORE SCHWAN,
Brigadier-General, Retired.

Atlantic City, N. J., September 14.

WOODROW WILSON AND THE LABORING MAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: An editorial in the *Nation* of August 1 complains that "a few editors of foreign birth" have spoken of Dr. Woodrow Wilson as "the foe of the laboring man." Why "foreign birth" should be offered as an objection to an editor criticising a Presidential candidate I do not know; certainly the sneer seems to me unworthy of a journal of the reputation of the *Nation*. What, however, I am convinced is an error lies in the use of the term "laboring man." I th that the charge of the "editors of foreign birth," whatever its wording, was based on the presumption that Dr. Wilson is a foe of *union* labor.

This charge is based upon statements alleged to have been made by Dr. Wilson in public. He is quoted as saying in a lecture before the People's Forum of New Rochelle, N. Y., on the 26th February, 1905: "The labor unions reward the shiftless and incompetent at the expense of the able and industrious." And shortly after his nomination to the Governorship of New Jersey (the clipping from which I now quote is unfortunately undated) he is reported to have said: "We shall not act justly or wisely if we attack established interests."

These quotations are taken from accounts published as ordinary news immediately after the delivery of the speeches in which they were said to have had a place, and so far as I know their accuracy has never been denied. If they are incorrect, Dr. Wilson ought to deny them; if they are correct, then at least the former of them certainly furnishes even "a few editors of foreign birth" with reasons for believing that Dr. Wilson is an enemy of union labor.

REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN.

Cloughton-Newlands, Cloughton, England, September 2.

[No sneer was intended in the phrase "editors of foreign birth." We merely stated a fact.—ED. NATION.]

THE HEAD OF WINDERMERE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your paper of the 29th of August, you have a paragraph about the attempt to procure a piece of land at the north end of Windermere. It is strange that you have failed to mention the chief reason why the protection of this land is desired, which is, that it is the site of a large Roman camp, which has never yet been excavated. As a resident of the neighborhood, I have contributed to the sum required, but the money comes in so slowly that I fear the needed amount may not be collected in time to prevent the destruction of this camp.

I. A. BRIGHT.

Bowness-on-Windermere, September 9.

A NEW KIND OF IMMORTALITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I discovered it a few years since in Missouri, where things unique and picturesque grow in all their native luxuriance. Down below Jefferson City, where the Osage River cuts a gorge of respectable proportions through the limestone country, the village of Tuscumbia lies partly on the bluff and partly on the bottom-land, while a church stands half-way between, as one of the ways of keeping the peace.

A lawyer lived on the bluff, who took me out for a walk one evening and pointed across to the perpendicular face of the limestone cliff on the opposite side of the river, observing to me that those holes in the face of it were caves. Some of these caves were above high-water mark, for I should state that the narrowness of the gorge often raises the river to unusual heights, and consequently some caves can only be entered in times of high water, unless they have an opening back inland.

"That high cave you see over there with some artificial masonry on one side," said the lawyer, handing me his glass, "has a very curious history. You know, this is an old settled country, and one of the first white settlers to come was a man named Wilson, an original character, who came up here in a boat before the War of 1812, for he took part in the battle of New Orleans, going down and returning in his canoe. When he arrived, however, he discovered that cave and determined to winter in it and settle on the bottoms in the spring.

"In the winter he discovered a small cave, about as large as an ordinary tomb, which had a small opening in the face of the cliff, near the large one he occupied. That artificial masonry you see fills it and makes the cave air-tight, so to speak. The large cave opened inland also, in such a way that he could fortify it against the Indians if necessary.

"Wilson was an educated man, and was one of those followers of 'Tom' Paine, who hailed him as the 'Bob' Ingersoll of those days. He was very thoughtful during that winter, and there it was he conceived the idea of using that smaller cave as a tomb when he came to die. He didn't believe in the old-fashioned immortality of the soul, and then and there determined to impress upon the future community a new kind of immortality of his own invention.

"In due time a family grew up around him on the farm, and as years went on he made known to the family his plans for burial in the cave. In the first place, he wanted no mourning, but ordered instead that there should be a big barbecue with all the people for miles around to enjoy it. Then his remains should be relieved of the viscera, filled with salt, put in that little cave up in the cliff above high-water, with a big demijohn of applejack whiskey, and the entrance closed solidly with masonry. This done, the day was to be concluded with the usual frolic and fun of a holiday. Furthermore, at the end of seven years, the people were to be called together to open his tomb, take out the applejack whiskey, refill the demijohn with new whiskey, and replace it, and, closing up with masonry as before, have another gala day. This was to be repeated every seven years.

"When he came to die, 'Cave' Wilson—for that became his nickname—was buried according to his plans, with one exception, that his wife's earnest plea for the ordinary burial of his heart was respected.

"At the end of seven years, as the anniversary day came near, the opening of the cave and the sampling of the old applejack became subjects of keen interest for miles around. Crowds came to the barbecue, larger even than at the original one. Preparations were on a great scale, and the fun of the day was equal in every respect to 'Cave' Wilson's desires. The time came to open the cave and the crowd started, but at the mouth of the tomb it soon became evident that no one had the nerve to open it. Waiting and suggestions were of no avail; no one would do it. Finally it was decided that they should let that part go until the next time, and the day closed.

"Seven years later the day was celebrated in the same way, with the same lack of nerve to open the tomb. So it has been ever since, until 'Cave' Wilson's barbecue is a regular seven-year anniversary, and big crowds always come to see the opening of the tomb and taste the applejack, but no man's craving for old Missouri whiskey gives him enough nerve to open it. I reckon we'd better go to the house."

The swiftly flowing Osage in the darkening shadows along the base of the cliff, and the glow of the setting sun tipping its crest, made a beautiful scene that summer night, as I thought of "Cave" Wilson's world-old longing and his novel means of meeting it.

BURTON ALVA KONKLE.

Swarthmore, Pa., September 17.

Literature

THE NEW REALISM.

Present Philosophical Tendencies. By Ralph Barton Perry. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.60 net.

This book is, as the sub-title announces, "a critical study of naturalism, idealism, pragmatism, and realism, together with a synopsis of the philosophy of William James." Whoever wishes to gain a real acquaintance with the problems of present-day philosophy and with the solutions suggested for them by contemporary schools of thought may well give this book a serious and careful reading. He will find no other so useful for his purpose.

Professor Perry begins his presentation by showing how the present tendencies in philosophy have developed out of the age-long conflict between religion and science. Religion and science agree in desiring the truth, and in desiring it for practical purposes. But they differ both in subject-matter and in motive. Religion is interested in the ultimate, science in the proximate. Religion is prompted by hope and despair and by longings for personal well-being; science is indifferent to personal interests and seeks the pure-

ly theoretical truth. So long as science was subject to religion, as in the Middle Ages, the philosopher was not compelled to choose between them; but when, towards the close of the eighteenth century, science had quite won her independence and the two had parted company, a corresponding division inevitably resulted among the philosophers, according as the motive of science or the subject-matter of religion made the greater appeal. Thus it came about that the two great philosophical schools of the nineteenth century—and, indeed, of the present as well—were naturalism and idealism. The two younger schools, pragmatism and the "new realism," have sprung up quite recently as revolts against the narrowness and extravagance of their seniors. Every movement of importance in the philosophical world of our time (at least, in metaphysics and epistemology) can be set down as belonging to one or another of these four schools, which our author now proceeds to examine in detail.

"By naturalism is meant the philosophical generalization of science—the application of the theories of science to the problems of philosophy." "It is the assertion that scientific knowledge is final, leaving no room for extra-scientific or philosophical knowledge." And it is in this last clause that its weakness is expressed. On its positive side naturalism is quite justified. It is a mistake, according to our author, to attack natural science as failing to deal with reality—a course so popular in many quarters. The object of science is genuine reality, and its results are genuinely true so far as they go. But, on the other hand, naturalism is at fault in failing to recognize that there are other kinds of reality besides the physical, and that, in fact, the entities of logic and mathematics are even more fundamental than its own:

> There is no sense in which physics can be regarded as the fundamental science; nor is there any sense in which the facts which are determined by physical hypotheses can be regarded as ultimate facts. And this conclusion is fatal to naturalism. It gives to being, *in the last analysis*, a logical, rather than a physical, character; and reduces the experimental method of physics to the position of being a special instance of logical method.

The religious motive is at the basis of idealism, but its cardinal principle is a theory of knowledge—the assertion, namely, that "being is dependent on the knowing of it." It is thus an epistemological rather than a metaphysical idealism that Professor Perry has in mind, and this must be remembered when considering his critique of it. The real essence of idealism our author rightly insists is to be found in Berkeley's identification of all reality with some form of consciousness; but it is questionable whether the essential thing in idealism—even in Berkeley's idealism—can be expressed by the assertion that "being is dependent on the knowing of it."

Idealism (thus understood) our author insists rests upon two specious arguments, which he entitles "the assumption of exclusive particularity," and "the ego-centric predicament." An example of the former is Berkeley's assertion that it is contradictory to suppose that our sensuous objects should exist independently of all minds. It is a matter of common experience, Professor Perry points out, that things can exist in several groups at the same time. "It does not occur to Berkeley, apparently, that a natural body like a tulip can belong both to the order of ideas and *also* to another and independent order." Hence we cannot conclude that because sensuous objects are sensuous they cannot exist also independently of sense and in other relations. Quite similar to this fallacious argument of idealism is the appeal to the "ego-centric predicament" on which Berkeley so often relies. This predicament consists in the fact that "no thinker to whom one may appeal is able to mention a thing that is not idea, for the obvious reason that in mentioning it he makes it an idea." It is put by Mr. Bradley thus: "Find any piece of existence, take up anything that any one could possibly call a fact, and then judge if it does not consist in sentient experience." Professor Perry regards this argument also as quite specious. The fact that only experience can be experienced fails to prove that only experience exists:

> The ego-centric predicament itself prevents the observation of negative cases. It is impossible to observe cases of unobserved things even if there be any. . . . The assertion that an idea is an idea conveys no knowledge even about ideas. But what the idealist requires is a proposition to the effect that *everything is an idea*, or that *only ideas exist*. And to derive this proposition directly from the redundancy just formulated, is simply to take advantage of the confusion of mind by which a redundancy is commonly attended.

This is the essence of our author's critique of Berkeleyan idealism. And it will be observed that very little has been said to prove idealism false, the whole force of the argument being of a negative kind and calculated to show that idealism has not made good its claims as the *only* tenable view. Professor Perry, however, seems to regard his critique as quite conclusive; and after thus annihilating Berkeley he moves upon Kant, Hegel, Royce, Joachim, and the whole army of "objective" and "absolute" idealists. These all prove to be much weaker than their reputations would lead one to suppose, for (though they often deny it) they all stand or fall with Berkeley; and Berkeley has now been laid low. The two chapters on these later idealists are rather dreary reading, but that is not the fault of our author—consider his subject! And his exposition of the half-dozen different kinds of objective idealism will be of value to any one who wishes to familiarize himself with some of the most abstruse developments of modern thought.

Pragmatism fares better with Professor Perry than idealism. Bergson's anti-intellectualism (which is classed with pragmatism) is, to be sure, severely and admirably criticised, and the repeated ambiguities and dangerous subjectivism of American and British pragmatism are pointed out. But, on the whole, our author regards the pragmatic movement, especially that represented by James, as on the right path. With a little modification it would lead on to the true philosophical gospel, which is the "new realism."

Realism is an old doctrine, but in its traditional and dualistic form it succumbed under the attacks of the idealists. In our own day, however, the essential realistic view of nature as independent of experience has taken a new lease of life. In England Bertrand Russell and G. E. Moore are among the leaders of the movement, and in the summer of 1910 six American philosophers constructed a realistic platform which they published in the *Journal of Philosophy* and prepared to defend against all comers. Professor Perry is one of these "platform realists" (as they are styled in philosophical circles), and the book under review is intended largely as an exposition and defence of the "new realism."

The new realism repudiates dualism and regards reality as made up of elements of one kind only which may or may not, at any given moment, form part of the content of mind. This obviously necessitates a new view of mind, and it is to this realistic theory of consciousness that Professor Perry first turns. If the individual consciousness is as private and unique a thing as it is commonly held to be, its content cannot be regarded as common to the rest of the world; hence the realist's first task is to break down this traditional view. Professor Perry points out that mind is known in two ways, by introspection and by observation; and he insists that though the latter method is in a sense less direct than the former, knowledge of mind once attained through it is no less knowledge than that obtained by introspection. It is quite possible for me to find out what your present sensations and ideas are, and when I have done so I may genuinely share them with you. These common objects of our minds, moreover, are also parts of the environment. Do we not both see the same rose that is blossoming in the garden? The one identical rose, therefore (unless we return to an impossible dualism or an untenable idealism), is at the

same time a member of at least three separate groups—namely, those that we know as your mind, my mind, and the garden. This view of perception as a participation in the external world, Professor Perry borrows from Bergson. Unlike Bergson, however, he does not stop with the perception, but carries the same principle through the entire range of mental states. The content of mind is thus a collection of objects which are at the same time parts of the surrounding environment, and which are selected out by the physical organism according to the principle of utility or biological interest.

Thus we are brought to an "epistemological monism." "Ideas are only things in a certain relation; or things, in respect of being known, are ideas." This proposition, however, as our author admits, "not only fails to establish realism, but appears even to disprove it by bringing the transcendent directly into mind." The real argument for realism must, therefore, now be taken up. In expounding it, Professor Perry first refers us to his critique of idealism—which, it will be remembered, was purely negative in effect. He then tells us that "the most general argument for realism is an application of the theory of the *external* character of relations." But to apply this to the present argument it is necessary to assume the whole realistic contention, namely, that things are external to consciousness and are connected with it by purely extrinsic relations. Possibly Professor Perry sees this himself; at any rate, he admits that "the theory of the externality of relations is not sufficient in itself to establish the case for realism." His next recourse is an appeal to a dogmatic assertion of Mr. Moore's, to the effect that yellow and the sensation of yellow are distinct. Neither Mr. Moore nor Professory Perry seems to see that this again, in effect, begs the very question at issue; but Professor Perry at least admits that it falls far short of proving realism. The reader who for the last fifty pages has been in a state of eager attention, expecting at every moment the sudden appearance of the long-promised proof of realism, now turns the page and finds, with a shock of disappointment, that there are only two short paragraphs left in which the proof must, if at all, be found. The longer of these is purely explanatory. The real core of the argument narrows down to the shorter of the paragraphs, which is here appended entire. It is now or never!

> We need to forsake dialectics, and observe what actually transpires. We then find that consciousness is a species of function, exercised by an organism. The organism is correlated with an environment, from which it evolved, and on which it acts. Consciousness is a selective response to a preëxisting and independently existing environment. There must be something to be responded to, if there is to be any response. The spacial and temporal distribution of bodies in its field of action, and the more abstract logical and mathematical relationships which this field contains, determine the possible objects of consciousness. The actual objects of consciousness are selected from this manifold of possibilities in obedience to the various exigencies of life.

There could hardly be a better illustration than this of the inability of the realist to get at his conclusions without begging the whole question. The "independently existing environment"—independent, be it remembered, not only of your mind and mine, but of all mind, and essentially non-psychical—has to be assumed, or dogmatically asserted, if it is to be had at all. Doubtless these "neutral entities," as Professor Perry calls the things in this unexperienced environment, may exist. But we have as yet been offered not a single reason for supposing that they do. And until some such reason is suggested, it would seem that these "neutral entities" belong rather to fancy than to philosophy.

It is fair to Professor Perry, however, to add that his proof of realism is the only weak portion of his book. For the rest, he has given us admirable exposition, keen criticism, and suggestive construction, all couched in a style that makes a difficult subject pleasant reading. His book is as excellent and important as the length of this review would indicate.

CURRENT FICTION.

[TALES OF SENTIMENT.]

The Raid of the Guerilla. By Charles Egbert Craddock. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

The White Shield. By Myrtle Reed. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Red Cross Girl. By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

It is a good many years now since Miss Murfree began to write her tales of the Great Smoky Mountains. At that time there were not a few corners of America which were yet to find their places on the literary chart. The pursuit of local color had hardly more than begun. Nobody had undertaken to put the Southern mountaineer into black and white; and Miss Murfree's first success was no doubt due in part to the fact that she had a clear field. Since then John Fox, jr., and others have made the Southern mountain region familiar as a literary setting. Fashions in story-telling have changed in the meanwhile. The popular magazines (after Kipling) have established a brisk and matter-of-fact style as the standard. In consequence the manner of "Charles Egbert Craddock," which is exactly what it was twenty years ago, sounds a trifle formal and self-conscious to-day. Now and then it is almost ludicrous in its elaboration. For instance, instead of saying that one of her people saw there was going to be a row and did the only thing possible to prevent it, she says that he, "discriminating the elements of an uncontrollable fracas, seized on the alternative." Not yet is the shade of the Great Cham forgotten! In substance these tales are undisguisedly tales of sentiment, in the respectable sense of the word. If Miss Murfree sees life through a rosy glass, it is a glass, after all, and not a mere film of pink jelly.

As much as that cannot fairly be said of the late Myrtle Reed. She displayed no fear of mawkishness for the reason that she did not dream of its existence. Banality was her native air, and she appealed with absolute confidence and invariable success to that large audience which does not suspect that there is any other atmosphere worth breathing. She has all the sentimentality of that master of her school, "The Duchess," without her saving touch of humor. The editor of the present series of stories has caught the note with perfect success. Myrtle Reed's writings, we learn, "are rich with sympathy and hope which have poured the oil of gladness into many a wounded spirit. . . . "Pathos is not sadness, but it is rather the sunshine gleaming through a passing cloud, and hence the writings of Myrtle Reed are illumined with the gladsome light of unfailing love." In other and ruder words, she has an inexhaustible vein of sentimentality. To a writer with this asset, little else is necessary. Ingenuity of plot is uncalled for; the merest outline of situation is enough. For instance, a youth thinks of enlisting in the Spanish War. His sweetheart hesitates, but lets him go, for the sake of the Flag. He is reported missing after the charge at Santiago, but turns out to be only slightly wounded; and presently "a bronzed and bearded soldier was holding his sweetheart close, and a woman was sobbing out of more happiness than one heart could hold, on the shoulder of her volunteer." Or, again, a maiden refuses her lover because she is determined to become a great novelist. She cannot get her novel published, burns it, and (the lover entering) "gave her lips to his in that kiss of full surrender which a woman gives but once in her life." There is obviously no limit to the variations which may be safely played on this simple theme. Curiosity has led us to note that out of the twenty stories here collected, a round dozen end with what theatrical people call "a kiss curtain." Three of the rest end with scenes of death-bed pathos.

With Richard Harding Davis, sentiment assumes a masculine (or should we say mannish?) garb, but there is no doubt of its importance to him. Van

Bibber will be recalled as a creature of sentiment pure and simple—beneath his fashionable raiment; and the later heroes, Ramson and the rest, however dashing and bachelorish, are really mere slaves of sensibility. These stories are in the familiar vein. In all but one of them the action turns upon some consideration of sentiment. The "Red Cross" girl is really an heiress in disguise. A poor reporter falls in love with her for her own sake, wherefore she throws over the English peer for him. In "The Grand Cross of the Crescent," an American college boy sacrifices his own prospects for the sake of winning happiness for the educationally good-for-nothing old professor who has plucked him. And so on. Throughout is maintained that clubmanly air which is so irresistible to the lay public—a phantom cocktail always at one's elbow, a shadowy cigar-tray always in the act of proffer by an irreproachable ghost of a waiter. And yet our story-teller is human; he has a heart, he is even capable of crediting one of his heroines, in a yielding moment, with "the look that never was on land or sea." We suspect that a stern and unbiassed critic, an observer who had not been, as it were, brought up with Mr. Davis and his heroes, might be unkind enough to docket him as a Myrtle Reed of the smoking-room.

An American Wooing. By Florence Drummond. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

When Elspeth and Moira Menzies came from Scotland to America to visit their aunt, they entered upon the adventure with the zest of the young, the curiosity of the untried, and the metaphysical and analytical bias of the Scot. And a curious group of Americans helped their researches! They lived in "the Newtons" and numbered among their friends some of "Boston's keenest faddists." One was a leader among transcendentalists, combining soulfulness with slang and defective grammar. Another "had no more respect for people who chanced to be dead than for people who chanced to be old. . . . 'I can't kowtow to chronology.'" Another is deftly marked as an American curio by a middle initial. One keeps her guests busy with little house duties on "the principle of non-separateness." One is "the most elegant woman in the States." Another—one of the two prevailing young men—asks Elspeth, "If I have a thought may I not tell it and share it till it is blunted by materialization?" "Don't think you have seen the whole of America," he says, "until you have looked into the soul of each man and woman that belongs to it." Each and all had "dramatic conceptions of themselves" and almost justify Elspeth's conclusion that the American note is the sense of "the dramatic value of being part of an effective whole."

From Boston they go to Bar Harbor, to Gloucester, to a "Mary Wilkins village," to Concord. And everywhere the Scottish microscope is applied to emotions and afternoon teas, while weird souls speak strange tongues. All the Americans say "like I did" and talk of "The States." Elspeth, approaching Boston, thinks of "Philip Brookes." Of the American Revolution she says, "Surely it is one of the strangest of its results that all the resentment should remain on the winning side." If the dramatic quality of America impresses her in social matters, what she feels in a wider sense is "the great, great difference between the old, supporting, influential life of inheritance and the passionate, lonely, experimental individualism that has sprung up so compellingly all over America." Of course, lovers arise and woo; strange, drawling, didactic lovers. Never were suitors so intent on comfortable cushions and soul advancement for their fair ones, sparing neither persiflage nor philosophic counsel. Now and then a shrewdly original comment or a bit of fun or a half-mystical interpretation detaches itself from the queer hodge-podge to the encouragement of the reader.

TWO LADIES OF QUALITY.

The Diary of Frances, Lady Shelley (1787-1817). Edited by her Grandson, Richard Edgcumbe. With illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50 net.

The Fourth Generation: Reminiscences. By Janet Ross. The same. $3.50 net.

Good birth, high spirits, beauty, a disposition for adventure, and an unfailing consciousness of special privilege, are common attributes of the two great ladies who speak intimately in these volumes. They were born a little more than half a century apart. But Lady Shelley's diaries—the present instalment of them, at least—bring us only to 1817, when she was in her thirtieth year, while Mrs. Ross is still living and has brought her narrative up to the hour. The second narrative was thus actually written a century later than the first, and differences in manner are consequently more marked than any difference of content.

But the half-century which separated Georgian England from Mid-Victorian England was a period of striking change. Young Lady Shelley is a daughter of the eighteenth century—a niece, as it were, to Miss Burney, and a sister to Miss Austen. She accepts the predominance of the male creature as a matter of course, does not expect overmuch of him in the way of the domestic virtues, and regards his foibles with affectionate indulgence. Frances Winckley was the only child of an odd marriage. Her father, Thomas Winckley, a younger son of confirmed bachelor habits, married a widow with seven children, settled her in his country home at Preston in Lancashire, and went back to his gay life in the Temple. On his rare visits to Preston he commonly brought two or three of his boon companions. His fondness for his only child manifested itself in true eighteenth-century fashion by making her the companion of his carouses. She learned to "toss off her bumper of port" with the rest. When her father had drunk his two or three bottles "he played all sorts of mad pranks, and on one occasion insisted on taking me out of my bed in the middle of the night, and carried me in his coach, with four black horses, his servants in tawny orange liveries, to Blackpool. . . . My mother, who was greatly alarmed, dared not at such moments oppose any of my father's whims." At the age of four was thus given an object-lesson in the first duty of woman—to submit.

At the age of six Frances Winckley was made an heiress by her father's death, and reared thereafter as became her station. She was of romantic temperament, and was early pursued for her wealth, but "no one fulfilled her beau ideal of friendship" until, at eighteen, she met Sir John Shelley. He was a gambler and a rake, and twice her age. Certain friends of his wished to promote the marriage for his sake; her own connections naturally wished to prevent it. But the mischief had been done at first meeting. She knew his character and habits, and the risks she was taking, but (so runs her diary):

> I loved his gen'rous nature,
> Bold, soft, sincere and gay,
> Which shone in every feature
> And stole my heart away——

a valuable bit of loot for handsome Sir Thomas, and not so fatal a loss, after all, for the poor little heiress.

In the bride's first season in London unkind gossip did its best to persuade her of her lord's worthlessness. The only result was to make her more determined to hold him against all comers. "I exerted every power with which nature and study had endowed me, to fascinate him as a mistress, and to enchain his affections as a wife." She further established a rule, from which she boasts in the diary that she has never deviated. "I made it a point never to interfere in any way with my husband's mode of life; and I never kept him from the society even of persons whose conduct I could not admire." A dinner was not then, she says, naïvely, "a jumble of pairs like the animals entering the ark; dinners were then arranged with care and thought, so as to secure the most agreeable conversation." And how was this procured? Partly by prearranged contests of wit between professional

diners-out like Moore, Rogers, and Sydney Smith; partly by seating not more than three or four women among eight or ten men. Sir Thomas was evidently in frequent demand *quâ* bachelor. The reward of Lady Shelley's magnanimity seems to have been that her husband did actually remain devoted to her.

But Lady Shelley was not merely a dutiful and unexacting wife. She was a great lady and an ardent friend. A large part of the present volume, the part which is of most absolute value, concerns her friendship with the Duke of Wellington, and her recollections of the man himself. She regarded him with something very much like worship, as a creature far above herself—or her husband: "the finest character that any age has produced." His dress, manner, conversation, his whole bearing in private life, are set forth with surprising vividness. His fondness for Lady Shelley made her his confidante in an exceptional sense. He talked to her with obliging readiness and ingenuousness. Her interpretation of his confidences is often open to query, as in the following remarkable passage:

> In ordinary conversation the Duke often spoke of the Battle of Waterloo abstractedly—as if he were Posterity sitting in judgment on his own conduct—not as if he had had any share in the glories of that day. That is the only way in which I can describe the singular manner in which Wellington, without a trace of egoism, or fanfaronnade, spoke of himself. He was always perfectly frank and natural. He said one day:
>
> "It is experience that gives me the advantage over every other officer. Nothing new can happen to me, and I always feel confident that I shall succeed. The troops feel the same confidence in me. For that reason I firmly believe that if anything had happened to me at Waterloo the battle was lost. I told Lord Uxbridge so—an odd thing to say to the second in command, was it not? But I'll tell you how it happened. We were riding together into rather too hot a fire. I stopped him, and said, 'I must not go there, for, should anything happen to me, the battle is lost!' Uxbridge said: 'By the way, should anything happen to you, what is best to be done?' I gave him my instructions for a retreat—as a legacy! Soon after a ball hit him! It must have passed over me, or my horse. But the finger of God was upon me."

Mrs. Ross's book of reminiscences is a sequel to "Three Generations of English Women," which appeared a quarter of a century ago, and found many readers. Her own generation is here delightfully chronicled. Her father was Alexander Duff Gordon, a cousin to Lord Aberdeen, who got him the court post of Gentleman Usher to the Queen, and to Sir George Cornewall Lewis, who, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, made him his private secretary, and when Minister for War, gave him a royal commissionership which he held till his death.

Lady Duff Gordon, like her mother before her (Mrs. John Austin, whose career is fully given in "Three Generations of English Women"), was a beautiful and accomplished woman. The only child, Janet's earliest playmates were among the most distinguished people of the day. The guests at her fifth birthday party were the Honorable Mrs. North, Lord Lansdowne, Tom Taylor, Bayley (the "Thunderer" of the *Times*), Richard Doyle, and Thackeray. Among her other intimates were Rogers, "Eothen" Kinglake, and George Meredith. With Meredith (whom she always speaks of as "My Poet") she remained to the end on terms of closest friendship, and many interesting letters from him are here printed. She was confessedly his model for Rose Jocelyn in "Evan Harrington."

But her precocious friendships were not merely with the literary great, nor was she to become a blue-stocking. She was extremely fond of hunting, and grew to be (like Lady Shelley) a famous horsewoman. None of her memories is dwelt upon with greater gusto than her success in mastering, with the third pummel missing from her side-saddle, a vicious Arab lent her by a malicious sheik; and her later victory over another sheik, and his favorite barb, with an English mount which she had picked up for a song in Egypt. The account of her meeting with her future husband, and their courtship, is in amusing contrast with that of Lady Shelley—the reticence of the twentieth century contrasted with the exuberance of the eighteenth. They meet at dinner, and he tells her stories "about pig-sticking." She is pleased with him, and asks him to call. He looks her up in the country, whereupon "I took Mr. Ross out with the Duc d'Aumale's harriers, and was much impressed with his admirable riding, his pleasant conversation, and his kindly ways. The result was that I promised to marry him, to the dismay of many of my friends, who did not at all approve of my going to live in Egypt." Mr. Ross was a banker, with headquarters at Alexandria. That his wife did not become an exile in the narrow sense is shown by her record of many returns to England and ramblings about the Continent. She kept fast hold upon her English friendships, and became intimate abroad with men of such distinction as Cousin, St. Hilaire, and Guizot. A full and happy life, well worthy of this charming record.

Power of Federal Judiciary Over Legislation. By J. H. Dougherty. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1 net.

Mr. Dougherty here undertakes to prove that the power of the Federal judiciary to declare legislative acts void rests not merely upon inference, but upon the express text of the Constitution. Such power has been exercised by judges in other jurisdictions, and the framers of the Constitution were well aware of that fact. It has, indeed, often been contended that a proposition to give the judges such power was repeatedly voted down in the Convention; but Mr. Dougherty's examination of the debates shows that nothing of the kind took place. The rejected proposition was one to establish a council of revision, composed of the judges and the executive, which should have the right to veto not only legislation which it held to be unconstitutional, but also laws which it thought dangerous and destructive. The quotations from the debates in the ratifying Conventions given by the author also tend to show that the existence of such power was assumed and recognized both by the advocates and opponents of ratification.

Of course, the question whether such power could be used to protect the individual against the state was not in the minds of the framers of the Constitution. That document contained no Bill of Rights, and the "due process of law" clause, in so far as it restricts the power of the States (which has aroused such opposition against the exercise of the judicial power to declare laws unconstitutional), was still in the far future. Mr. Dougherty assumes, without discussing the point, that the power exists in such cases. According to the political philosophy which prevailed at the time the Constitution was adopted, it was undoubtedly supposed that the power of the state was limited to the protection of individual rights, which, it was assumed, existed prior to and independent of the state, and that, save in exceptional cases, such reserved rights could not be infringed upon. The question, therefore, whether a statute fell within such prohibition was a question of law and the proper subject of judicial inquiry, and it will remain such so long as this theory is adhered to.

The author admits that the power so conferred should be sparingly exercised and that a law should be held unconstitutional only when the decision is unanimous, or nearly so. He wishes to give the state a right to a re-hearing through its Attorney-General. And he also thinks the Federal Judiciary Law or the Constitution of the United States should be so amended that every case in any court, in which due process of law is invoked against the statute designed to ameliorate human conditions, may be carried to the Supreme Court of the United States. This suggestion, although much may be said in its favor, will not conciliate those who deny the right of the judiciary to declare such a statute unconstitutional. Their contention is based on a system of political philosophy totally different from the one prevailing at the time that the Constitution was adopted. If, as they believe,

the state is supreme, every act of the state is due process of law, and the question whether individual rights shall be recognized or not becomes one of expediency and not a question of law. The difference is fundamental and cannot be bridged over by any change of procedure or by the cautious exercise of such powers by the judiciary.

The Drama of Love and Death, a Study of Human Evolution. By Edward Carpenter. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50 net.

That there is a morbid reticence about the subject of love, and too little consideration of death, is Mr. Carpenter's reason for undertaking this book. Both points may be conceded. Love means that complex human relationship which comes about through a perfect sexual life. It is valuable not, as the biologist asserts, chiefly for purposes of generation, but as providing a higher life for the two persons involved. The sexual relation implies a very complete mutual transference of physical and mental traits, a fortifying and completing of each individual from the other. So far we are in the realm of generally admitted experience, though a physiologist would cavil at the extended physical interchange imagined by the author. Mr. Carpenter constantly writes as if a predestined and single male seed were fused with the ovum, whereas in every fertilization thousands of spermatazoa, each a potential individual, perish, and the choice of the one that actually fertilizes the ovum rests on the sheer hazard of a central collision. In fact, this principle of chance and waste in generation is quite as remarkable as the beautiful suggestions of design upon which our author exclusively dwells. And this cavalier and disingenuous fashion of interpreting scientific phenomena is highly characteristic of the entire book.

Death is the disintegration and redistribution of a complex of four parts. For the body, Mr. Carpenter accepts the ordinary view. What Christian theology calls the soul, he divides into three parts, of which the lowest is chiefly related to the body, while the intermediate soul is chiefly involved in the ultimate individual soul, which is in direct relation to the All Soul. A happy death consists in having the body and lowest soul in such subordination that the upper souls may detach themselves with the least embarrassment. Upon death follows a period of repose after which the purified soul is ready to enter into a fertilized ovum, and, thus reincarnated, resume palpable existence. The soul is both spiritual and material, but soul stuff is extremely thin and minute, being "ultra-microscopic and fourth dimensional." It readily draws other matter to itself, and so becomes the wraith of mediumistic demonstrations. Being fourth dimensional, there is no reason why a soul should not be in several places simultaneously, controlling, for example, several bodies.

We have tried to give quite objectively the substance of an argument in which the student of recent religious aberrations will already have recognized the main outlines of Vedantism. No further comment is really necessary, but we must remark the extreme cloudiness of the plea. In one breath we read that the perfection of two individuals rests on an ideal sexual union, and then that no single partner can generally supply all the needs of one's nature. Thus a variety of liaisons is often right and necessary. One must be prepared to show "a frank understanding and tolerance of such person's other loves." . . . "Two such loves," we read, "are often perfectly compatible and reconcilable." But why thus limit the scope of connubial sympathy? A really complex person could surely not get along with so few soul partners. And the principle of "bilocation" would conveniently permit one to leave the astral body decorously at home while the substantial body was dallying abroad. All of which would make it easier eventually to achieve what Mr. Carpenter elegantly calls "a really big and satisfactory love affair."

Since Mr. Carpenter enjoys a considerable reputation in "psychic" circles, it may be in order to examine the ground of his influence. It rests primarily upon the habit of flaunting as axiomatic such terms as the All Soul, the All Self, Supra- and eke Subliminal, fourth dimensional, radio-activity. Its persuasiveness rests upon a superficial agility in drawing cheap and defective analogies between spiritual and scientific phenomena. Next the vaporousness of the argument is a source of strength. "Love" may be interpreted, so far as this book goes, either as honest marriage or as skilfully calculated libertinism. An easy slurring of all difficulties is an important trait. Individual perfection, for instance, depends upon the ecstatic union of the male and female principle, but childless relations, where there is no such union, apparently, serve quite as well. Finally, add a modicum of the frothy eloquence of the lecture platform, and the recipe for successful "psychic" charlatanism is complete.

Yet this false, mischievous, and confused book is not quite ridiculous. It is at least a pathetic witness to the desire for spiritual leading. The wonder is that anybody should prefer such shoddy improvisations to the dignity of any historic religion, however irrational. One very serious aspect this book has. Any one who assiduously follows Mr. Carpenter's advice about liberating the subliminal self is setting a course towards that home of complete subliminal liberty, the lunatic asylum.

Victor Hugo, His Life and Work. By A. F. Davidson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $4 net.

Mr. Davidson, whose study of Victor Hugo appears in a posthumous volume, undertook a venturesome task. Frenchmen nearly always resent unfavorable criticism of the poet, and even those who indulge in it themselves are indignant when it comes from a foreign writer.

Yet probably no author in French literary history lays himself more open to ridicule, both by his private life and, unfortunately for his fame, by his written words. Victor Hugo was utterly without a sense of the ridiculous, yet he was a leader of the school to which that sense would have been the most valuable safeguard. It is now fashionable in France, at any rate among those modern "classicists" such as Charles Maurras and Pierre Lasserre, to attack the romantic writers indiscriminately, though unfortunately their classicism is not free from politics.

Thus readers have been entertained of late with amusing books on the follies and exaggerations, intentional or not, of the young men of 1830. Victor Hugo differed from many of his followers, in that their eccentricities were often a pose, whereas he sincerely thought himself a genius above the law. He also had to an extraordinary degree the peculiarity of some great literary men, an imaginative unveracity in which they themselves perhaps come to believe. Edmond Biré was the first iconoclast of the Hugo legend and of the fairy-tales of "Victor Hugo raconté par un témoin de sa vie." Similarly, Mr. Davidson's book would not have been welcome reading for the great writer whose ghost, as the old anecdote tells, wanders on the steps of the Pantheon, distressed at the plural in the inscription, "Aux grands hommes la patrie reconnaissante." Yet it is an impartial account of Hugo's life and work, even though it does not add anything new to the French biographies. As is frequent with English and American critics, it emphasizes the biography. But Hugo's qualities and defects as a poet and novelist are intelligently brought out.

The resultant impression of the book helps one to understand why Hugo has remained the idol of the average-minded Frenchman. He decked out in Olympian rhetoric or resounding verse those chauvinistic commonplaces about liberty and martial glory which delight the heirs to traditions of the Revolution and the First Empire; he reiterated sentimental commonplaces, without the mawkishness of the pedestrian verse of, for instance, François Coppée; he enunciated humanitarian truisms, now

commonplaces, but novel in the glow of social liberation in the nineteenth century. Above all, Hugo flattered the national conceit or spreadeagleism of the French as the leaders of civilization, and the creators of Paris, the *ville lumière:*

Dithyrambic would be a mild word to apply to those prefatory pages [on the exhibition of 1867] with all their gush about the "supremacy" of Paris," the "functions of Paris," etc. It is Chauvinism grafted on to humanitarianism, for we are still to have this famous "United States of Europe," but France is to be their centre, and France means Paris. And so Hugo begs his country to "resign herself to a greatness she cannot avoid," and to accept the predestined expansion by which she becomes the world! Nay, she will "no longer be France but Humanity, no longer a Nation but Ubiquity!"

Mr. Davidson has much to say about Victor Hugo's private life, and relates many details which must have found favor with Francis Gribble, who contributes a preface to the book. The story of Hugo's loves, especially with Mme. Drouet, is not always pleasant reading to those who may sympathize with Mme. Hugo; but the material has its place in the "histoire naturelle des esprits" of the new school.

Mr. Davidson's biography, since such we find it in the main to be, is written in a clear and interesting style, and the text is free from the mistakes and misprints of French which mar so many popular works in English on French literature.

Notes

The editorial papers, "Through the Outlooking Glass with T. R.," contributed to the *Nation* by Simeon Strunsky, have been reprinted in a pamphlet of twenty-four pages. This can be procured by sending eleven cents to the office of the *Nation*.

A welcome announcement is a posthumous volume from the pen of the late John La Farge. The text has been made up from a diary kept by La Farge, and is called "Reminiscences of the South Seas." It is to be illustrated with reproductions of many of the author's paintings of the islands and their people. Doubleday, Page & Co. promise the book for this autumn.

David Graham Phillips bids fair to become the most voluminous posthumous author on record. A new political novel of his, called "George Helm," is coming from D. Appleton & Co.

The third volume of Professor Channing's "History of the United States" is about to be published by the Macmillan Co. It embraces the Revolutionary epoch, extending from 1760 to the election of Washington as President.

Early in October Henry Holt & Co. will issue the following books: "The Soul of a Tenor," by W. J. Henderson; "Phœbe, Ernest, and Cupid," by Inez Haynes Gillmore; "Why Women Are So," by Mary Roberts Coolidge; an edition of "Gulliver's Voyages to Lilliput and Brobdingnag," illustrated and decorated by P. A. Staynes; "The Boy Scouts of Bob's Hill," by Charles Pierce Burton, illustrated by Gordon Grant; "The Cities of Belgium," in the new series of Grant Allen's Historical Guides, and "Village Life in America," by Caroline Cowles Richards.

From A. C. McClurg & Co. is to come "Our Country Life," by Mrs. Charles L. Hutchinson. The book tells the story of ten years spent on an estate on Lake Geneva.

We are to have a volume of "The Note-Books of Samuel Butler," edited by Festing Jones, with a photogravure portrait of 1898 and various other material. It is presumed that this welcome book will be published in this country by E. P. Dutton & Co., who import the other works of the author of "Erewhon."

The Neale Publishing Co. has the following titles on its autumn list—in literature: "The Collected Works of Ambrose Bierce," Vol. XI; "Masterpieces of Southern Poets," by Walter Neale; "The Poetical Works of Rose Hartwick Thorpe"; "Desultory Verse," by La Touche Hancock, and "Idylls of the South," by Mrs. Bettie Keyes Chambers. —In politics, biography, and history: "Our Presidents and Their Office," by William Estabrook Chancellor; "Essays and Addresses," by Roger A. Pryor; "The Soldier-Bishop, Ellison Capers," by the Rev. Walter B. Capers; "The Attack and the Defense of Little Round Top, Gettysburg, July 2, 1863," by Oliver Wilcox Norton; "The Numerical Strength of the Confederate Army," by Randolph H. McKim; "Antietam and the Maryland and Virginia Campaigns of 1862," by Isaac W. Heysinger; "One of Jackson's Foot Cavalry," by John H. Worsham; "Fighting by Southern Federals," by Charles C. Anderson; "Dr. William LeRoy Broun," by Major Thomas L. Broun; and "Mrs. Fiske," by Frank Carlos Griffith.

The second annual meeting of the National Council of Teachers of English will be held in Chicago November 28.

Volume V of the "Homeri Opera" has now been reached in the Oxford Library of Classical Authors. This is edited by Thomas W. Allen, and contains the Hymns, Cyclic Fragments, Margites, Batrachomyomachia, and the Lives.

Longmans, Green & Co. have added Morris's "News from Nowhere" to their Pocket Library.

The Century Co. has brought out a second edition of Jesse Macy's "Party Organization and Machinery," with new chapters explaining the change from the old convention to the direct primary.

In conformity with the volumes on Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, Meredith, and Hardy, we now have from E. P. Dutton & Co. "A Zola Dictionary," compiled by J. G. Patterson. The characters of the Rougon-Macquart novels are here indexed, and various other material is given, such as synopses of plots, map, genealogy, etc.

A dainty gift for the lover of Northern woods and waters is Bert Leston Taylor's "The Pipesmoke Carry" (Reilly & Britton). The devotees of Lady Nicotine will linger over graceful sketches of carries through "sun-drenched opens where the choric poplars sway and sing," or while the smoke curls upward they may drift silently in a canoe where the moon's light, thickened by a mist, falls upon the middle of a pool till on a bridge of moonbeams they cross the centuries and stand with Arthur and Merlin by "a fair water." Literary allusions, indeed, mingle everywhere in the rhythmic flow of the style. The black-and-white decorations by C. B. Falls have the rare virtue of supplementing the mood of revery.

Ben Jonson's "Cynthia's Revels" (Yale Studies in English, XLV; Holt & Co.), edited with Introduction, Notes, and Glossary by Alexander Corbin Judson, is the latest volume in the edition of the plays of this dramatist which we owe to the students of Prof. A. S. Cook. Notwithstanding its attractive title, this particular play is notoriously dull. A French critic has said of it: "il n'existe pas, du moins à ma connaissance, une pièce aussi mortellement vide." Nevertheless, it was written with great care, as a comparison of the revised folio text with that of the quarto shows; it contains some vigorous satirical passages, such as Crites's arraignment of folly and vice at the end of the first act, and the court-ladies' wishes in the fourth, besides two lovely lyrics, Echo's lament and the famous hymn to Cynthia, "Queen and huntress, chaste and fair," of which the latter outweighs all the rest of the play in value. And finally it has an interest on account of its connection with the stage quarrel between the boy-companies and the grown-up actors at the end of the sixteenth century. Mr. Judson properly adopts the text of the first folio edition (1616) of Jonson's Plays, but gives the quarto (1601) variants in his footnotes along with suggested emendations and other matters.

Mr. Judson's introduction, which shows good judgment, deals with the questions of date, sources, and the relations of the play to non-dramatic satire and character-writing. The poet's obligations to Aristophanes, Lucian, and Lyly are obvious. Mr. Judson is right, no doubt, in accepting Ward's identification of Actæon with the Earl of Essex and his own suggestion that Niobe stands for Mary, Queen of Scots, rather than Arabella Stuart, is plausible. For the rest we approve of his views concerning the relation of this play to the stage quarrel. Obviously, it was not composed primarily with reference to that affair, and it is not well to push too far the identification of Hedon and Anaides with Marston and Dekker. Indeed, egotistic though Jonson was, we cannot believe that even Crites was intended altogether as a picture of the poet himself, although the speeches of the character often have the note of moral indignation which Jonson caught from the Roman satirists, and besides contain occasional unmistakable hits at his personal enemies. The editor's Explanatory Notes elucidate the text in all essential matters. Since Professor Feuillerat's recent discoveries, however, it is incorrect to begin the history of Blackfriars Theatre with 1596. Plays were performed there as far back as 1577. For the sake of completeness, too, it would have been well if Mr. Judson had mentioned the traces (slight, to be-

sure) of the influence of "Cynthia's Revels" on the later drama. The two or three instances are noted by Koeppel in his work, "Ben Jonson's Wirkung auf zeitgenössische Dramatiker" (1906).

A thorough and careful discussion of the debate between the extreme radical and the liberal critical schools on the question whether Jesus is an historical personality or a myth is presented in "The Historicity of Jesus," by Shirley Jackson Case of Chicago (University of Chicago Press). In America some interest has been awakened in this controversy by the writings of Prof. William B. Smith of Tulane University, whose "Der vorchristliche Jesus" (1906) and "Ecce Deus" (1911) sought to establish the belief that Christianity arose out of a Jesus cult which existed as early as 100 B. C. In Germany no serious attention was paid to these monographs, nor to the similar productions of Kalthoff, Jensen, and Lublinski; but the appearance in 1909 of "Die Christusmythe," by Arthur Drews, professor of philosophy in the Karlsruhe Technical High School, was the signal for a controversy among New Testament critics like that incited by Delitzsch's "Babel und Bibel" a half dozen years ago. The leading writers of the liberal school entered the fray, among them Von Soden, Jülicher, Weinel, Johannes Weiss, and Clemen. Their contentions, as well as the radical views which they combat, are carefully and fairly presented by Mr. Case. His estimate of the negative argument is eminently fair. He concludes that the evidence brought against Jesus' historical existence is entirely lacking in force and cogency, and that the arguments for a pre-Christian Jesus lack any substantial basis; and these are the results at which most open-minded students of Drews and his school are compelled to arrive. The principles of free criticism of the New Testament documents were bound, sooner or later, to be pressed to this extreme conclusion, and now that the radical views have been advanced with great earnestness and cleverness, and met with success, the positions of the modern historical critics are more firmly established than ever. One of the most valuable chapters in the present volume is on Jesus' Significance for Modern Religion, in which it is urged that "He has for men to-day the same essential value that he had for the primitive disciples, in so far as history permits acquaintance with Him, and He answers modern needs." It is creditable to American scholarship that the first survey of the entire debate should have been made by a representative of an American divinity school, and that the treatment of the question is adequate and fair in the presentation of the arguments on both sides, and marked by discernment both of the underlying principles and the consequences involved for the religious life.

The thirteenth volume of the Catholic Encyclopædia, *Revelation—Simon Stork* (Robt. Appleton), edited by Charles G. Herbermann, contains the usual number of important articles. Among them may be mentioned "The English and French Revolutions," both written in an excellent spirit; "Rites," full of interesting information and curious lore; "Roman Colleges and Congregations"; "Sacraments"; "Schools"—all very valuable; "Rome, Russia, and Scotland," profusely illustrated. The massacre of St. Bartholomew's is naturally dealt with from the Catholic point of view, and extenuating circumstances are urged for the unedifying conduct of Pope Gregory XIII, but on the whole the treatment is not unfair. The article on Ritschlianism, an unexpected subject for such a publication, contains the following attack on Modernism:

> Since recent Modernism, with its Agnosticism and Immanentism, adopts the same attitude, it is, whether avowedly or not, the death-knell not only of Christianity, but of every objective religion. Consequently, the regulations of Pius X against Modernism represent a contest in which the vital interests of the Catholic religion are at stake. As the foremost champion of the powers and rights of reason in its relations with faith, Catholicism is the defender of the law of causality which leads to the knowledge of metaphysical and divine truths, the guardian of a constant, eternal, and unalterable truth, and the outspoken foe of every form of Skepticism, Criticism, Relativism, and Pragmatism—always in the interests of Christianity itself, since, without a rational foundation and substructure, Revelation and faith would hang unsupported in the air.

The successive volumes of this great work have appeared with unfailing regularity, and with the publication of the fourteenth volume (*Simony—Tournély*), now at hand the end is in sight. The following articles are worthy of especial mention: "Society of Jesus," "Spain," "States of the Church," "Syndicalism," "Theology," "Third Orders," "Thirty Years' War," and "Toleration." In the section on Toleration are these stalwart words:

> Nowhere is dogmatic intolerance so necessary a rule of life as in the domain of religious belief, since for each individual his eternal salvation is at stake. Just as there can be no alternative multiplication tables, so there can be but a single true religion, which, by the very fact of its existence, protests against all other religions as false.

At the same time the author defends civil toleration:

> Wherever separate religious parties live in the same land, they must work together in harmony for the public weal. But this would be impossible if the state, instead of remaining above party, were to prefer or oppress one denomination as compared with the others. Consequently, freedom of religion and conscience is an indispensable necessity for the state.

Nevertheless, the freedom advocated is far from complete, for the author continues: "From the standpoint of natural law and Christian public law, however, this political tolerance is subject to a three-fold limitation, since neither the completely unreligious character of the state nor the unbridled liberty of all imaginable cults may be set up as a principle of government, nor finally may the separation of state and church be lauded to the skies as the perfect state-ideal." In spite of this last statement, the attitude of the United States receives handsome recognition. After remarking that Leo XIII, in an encyclical of November, 1885, "had declared the harmonious union of the two highest powers the ideal situation," the author goes on to say: "If the United States forms the sole honorable exception to the rule, this is due partly to the fact that the state neglects neither the religious factor at large nor Christianity, as is shown by the strict laws concerning Sunday observance, Christian monogamy, and the celebration of Thanksgiving Day."

Few men would be willing to gather into a volume addresses prepared forty years ago, and few volumes so compiled would convey the impression of freshness and timeliness which one receives from the pages of George Lansing Raymond's "Suggestions for the Spiritual Life" (Funk & Wagnalls). It will not be expected that such a collection should constitute an important contribution to present religious discussion, but it may furnish counsels of wisdom for those who live quietly and who desire to penetrate beneath the superficial questions involved in most current controversy. Life is an old problem, and how to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly before God is a matter which varies with successive generations only in unessential details. The reason why few sermons outlive their decade is that few are concerned with the real essentials of the spiritual life. Dr. Raymond's chapel talks at Williams and at Princeton may have made no startling impression at the time, but that one may read them now with interest and profit is proof that they deal with the truth in which the quiet souls of all generations are at one.

In his "Life and Times of Rodrigo Borgia" (Brentano's), the Most Rev. Arnold H. Mathew, D.D., Archbishop of the Old Roman Catholic Church in Great Britain and Ireland, gives a straightforward and well-written account of Pope Alexander VI. It is not an easy story to tell, because, in order to explain the events of his reign and the complicated policies of his statecraft, it is necessary to enter upon that tangle of intrigues and alliances among the Italian powers which facilitated and culminated in the invasion of the peninsula by Charles VIII of France. That the chapters devoted to these political events make hard reading is not the fault of the Archbishop, who displays considerable dexterity in his ordonnance of a difficult narrative. He, moreover, manages to keep clearly in view all the secondary members of the Borgia family, and the parts they played. The marriages of Lucrezia, the pageants, assassinations, and military exploits of Cesare—these appear in vivid personal relief against the more purely political ambitions of Alexander. Deserted by all but the undertaker's assistants, who crammed him into his ill-fitting coffin, and lowered him with indecent haste into his grave, Alexander shocks us at the end by contrast with his former state. But this easy-going sensualist of excellent constitution, who had also a side of singular piety, who advanced the work of the Church abroad, who was a sincere patron of the fine arts, and who, as "husband" and father, had many good traits—he was essentially a *bourgeois*, this Borgia. He seems to have lived in a state of complacent self-satisfaction with himself and the world. Yet, with his death, his house crumbled about him. Cesare, his son, whom he had helped to raise to so brilliant a pinnacle, fell fighting, after prison and dispossession of all his wealth, a mere gentleman adventurer, on an obscure battlefield; and Lucrezia, alone of the more conspicuous members of the family, was left, as the pious and retired Duchess of Ferrara, to remind the world of a past that must soon have seemed like a dream. It is strange that out of such a gilded dunghill breed as the Borgias

should have arisen in after years a saint. But so it happened. Francisco, great-grandson of Alexander VI, and fourth Duke of Gandia, played an important part in the Society of Jesus in the sixteenth century, and in 1565 was elected general of that order. A man of much religious humility and fervor, and a militant hero of the faith, he was greatly respected and loved during his life, and finally received the honors of canonization from the Church.

The five years covered in William Foster's latest calendar of Anglo-Indian documents, "The English Factories in India, 1637-1641" (Frowde), are notable for the account of the building of Fort St. George at Madras. This station superseded Masulipatam as the headquarters of the English on the eastern coast of India, and eventually became one of the three great centres from which they pushed their trade and their political control inland over the great peninsula. During these five years also a new trade was opened up from Surat to Basra, a town at the head of the Persian Gulf, which is now the proposed terminus of the Baghdad Railway. There were increasing dealings in Deccan pepper, indigo, certain cotton and silk fabrics, and sugar; one English vessel even made a successful trip to Canton in China, and more friendly relations were entered into with the Portuguese who were glad to side with the English against the more prosperous and enterprising Dutch monopolists. But the dangers and tribulations of the English in these years were many: French pirates from Europe and native pirates on the Malabar coast plundered their vessels; Courteen's rival association, to which Charles I had faithlessly given great privileges, lowered the profits of the older East India Company in England and caused political difficulties in the East; and capricious native princes exacted exorbitant tolls. It was also often difficult to get enough English sailors out to India, and keep them alive there, to man the company's vessels; for lack of sufficient English seamen, so the President at Swally complained, he had to pay enormous wages to Lascars, who gave away trade secrets, and "who does not halfe the service good seamen would doe, nor are able in the least to resist an enemy when assaulted."

The publishing firm Albert Bonnier in Stockholm, which shortly before August Strindberg's death acquired the copyright of his works, has begun the issue of a complete edition under the editorship of Dr. John Landquist. Of the forty volumes which are planned more than half will be given to prose fiction, including the autobiographical novels. In this edition "En dåres bikt" will be published for the first time in an authorized Swedish version; Strindberg's work on the relations of France to Sweden, originally written in French and published in Paris in 1891, will also be included, in a Swedish translation. "Kvarstadsresan," printed in a Stockholm paper after Strindberg's acquittal from the charge of heresy on account of the first volume of "Giftas," will now for the first time appear in book form, and one hitherto unpublished manuscript, entitled "Han och hon," and apparently belonging to the autobiographical series, is scheduled for an early volume. The works will be published in chronological order, beginning with the dramas from the author's youth, among them "Fritänkaren," his very first production, which was never played; it was printed without the author's knowledge or sanction by one of his friends, in 1869, and was never republished. The play is, naturally enough, immature, but already shows the spirit of revolt. Each volume will contain bibliographical and biographical notes by the editor. In the notes to the first volume the editor says that "Den fredlöse" was published for the first time in the collection "I vårbrytningen," 1881; as a matter of fact it had been printed already in 1876, in the monthly journal *Nu*.

We regret to announce the death of Alfred Marks, a banking expert of London who was also a learned antiquarian. His published books are "Who Killed Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey?" "Hubert and John van Eyck: the Question of their Collaboration Considered," and "Tyburn Tree: Its History and Annals." He contributed many valuable reviews to the *Nation*.

The death is announced of Mrs. Robert Stuart de Courcy Laffan, of London, who published a number of novels under the name of Mrs. Leith-Adams. The titles of her books are: "Winstowe" (1877), "Madelon Lemoine" (1879), "My Land of Beulah" (1880), "Aunt Hepsey's Foundling," "George's Wooer," "Geoffrey Sterling" (1883), "Louis Draycott" (1891), "Bonnie Kate" (1892), "Color-Sergeant No. 1 Company" (1894), "The Peyton Romance" (1894), "The Old Pastures" (1895), "Accessory After the Fact" (1898), "The Prince's Feathers" (1899), "Song, Good-bye, Daddy" (1900), "The Vicar of Dale End" (1906), and "Dreams Made Verity" (1910).

Science

The Horse and Its Relatives. By R. Lydekker, F. R. S. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.60 net.

The Training and Breaking of Horses. By Merritt W. Harper. The same. $1.75 net.

While there is little new material available for original research in regard to the horse, Mr. Lydekker gives an acceptable account of the origin and dispersal of the species in all ages. Whether the small fox-like animals whose remains have been discovered in various parts of the world belonged to the horse or to the tapir families is a question for the scientists. The layman is more concerned with the preservation of the modern types. On almost every page the author evidences wide reading and scientific study and brings together in a single volume a pleasing review of the horse and allied animals of the kiang, onager, quagga, and zebra families. The book is singularly free from the dogmatic brevity so often encountered in efforts to embrace so wide a field.

Attempts to identify the original members of which the "chestnuts" or callosities on the legs of the horse are the sole remaining indications furnish food for thought for scientists, but such discussions are not so practical in results or so interesting as the question of inheritance of color, both of the horse's skin and coat. In the development of the modern thoroughbred, stamina and speed were the objects sought by the most far-sighted breeders, and it has remained for the scientist to announce that "evidence is gradually accumulating to suggest that in certain strains there may be a partial coupling of coat-color and racing power." For instance, the chestnut grandchildren of St. Simon have so far proved inferior in racing to their bay and brown brothers and sisters. In the get of this particular stallion the brown fillies have shown themselves superior racers to the bay fillies and colts and to the brown colts, notwithstanding colts are usually supposed to have some advantages over the fillies. The statement is interesting that bays, being of a dominant color, are capable of producing offspring of a color different from their own, while animals of chestnut color are recessive, and the result of their mating will be habitually chestnut. Should these theories prove of general and practical application, the problem of the Government in restoring and maintaining the useful breeds of horses in this country will be simplified.

The volume is exceptionally pleasing in its size, type, and arrangement.

"The Training and Breaking of Horses" is one of the Rural Science series, and embraces so wide a field that it constitutes a popular encyclopædia of its subject. The horse of whatever type is what his trainer makes him. The initial cause of all the bad habits of a horse may be traced to careless or bad management at some stage of the animal's training. The horse, like all animals, is possessed of instinct, but seems devoid of reasoning powers. His trainer therefore should aim to fix habits upon him, while avoiding, as far as possible, the chance of resistance arising from fatigue or fear. The importance of orderly procedure cannot be over-estimated. The colt from birth should become accustomed to man's friendly contact. From the very beginning one should teach a colt useful things, employing always the same terms and the same tone of voice for any particular movement or action expected of him. To lose one's temper is almost certain to invite resistance. Rewarding the young animal with kindness is a more certain way to rapid progress in training than the infliction of punishment.

Much may be accomplished by the student who follows Professor Harper's directions, whether in training the saddle horse or the driver. The field of training embraces a wide range of endeavors, but the increased value and usefulness of the horse justify the expenditure

of time and labor. And as the owner who superintends the development of his colts will surely become attached to them, he will wish to know how to correct bad habits and to care for injuries. Many abrasions and seemingly innocent swellings may soon become deep-seated and chronic injuries if the causes be not found and remedied. Herein lies much of the value of books of the popular science type, which, like this one on the horse, furnish the student with carefully expressed explanations of cause and effect. The Government has awakened to the need for concentrated effort to preserve and improve the valuable types of horses in this country, and the dissemination of popular literature on the subject should help to encourage breeders and owners of man's most useful animal friend.

Doubleday, Page & Co. will bring out a new book this autumn by Ernest Thompson Seton, under the title of "The Book of Woodcraft and Indian Lore."

The International Map of the World received much attention at the meeting of the Geographical Section of the British Association at Dundee. Considerable progress has been made during the past year, and five sheets covering parts of France, Scotland, Turkey, and South Africa are on sale. Other sheets are in course of preparation by the authorities of Hungary, Italy, Spain, Great Britain, and the United States. To cover the whole world, including the oceans, would require 2,084 sheets, but if the oceans are omitted, the number of "full" sheets, *i. e.*, sheets entirely representing land, would be about five hundred.

The *Geographical Journal* for September contains an account by Dr. A. M. Kellas of a remarkable mountaineering tour in the Himalayas, the highest altitude reached being 23,180 feet. Among the scientific results was the discovery that the glacier area of the region explored is much greater than is indicated on the survey maps. Some useful observations are made on mountain sickness and its prevention. Ellsworth Huntington described the ruins of the ancient Hohokam Indians in the Santa Cruz valley in Southern Arizona with a view to showing the fluctuations of the climate of North America. It certainly seems as if the "valley once had at least twice as many people as it could now support, and half of these lived where the white man cannot now get a living from agriculture."

Short cuts to the accepted names of plants are much like short cuts across lots anywhere. Sometimes the path is easy, but often it is disappointingly hard to the foot, and even treacherous. This is particularly true of the many aids to plant-recognition which are based upon the distinctions of color, because not only do different people describe colors differently, but plants do not always keep true to the colors assigned to them in the books. "Harper's Guide to Wild Flowers," by Mrs. Caroline A. Creevey (Harper & Bros.), is one of the most satisfactory handbooks of this class, although it could have been rendered much more useful by the preparation of simple keys under each of the groups of color. The author has been judicious in her notes of localities and in her nomenclature.

Drama and Music

The "Milestones" of Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblauch, which has enjoyed great popularity in London and is now running in the Liberty Theatre in this city, is not the masterpiece it has been proclaimed by some over-enthusiastic critics, as it is not remarkable for literary brilliancy or dramatic significance, but it is a genuine comedy of substantial merit. If not a very profound or original social study, it is true to life in its personages and incidents, deals logically with the interaction of character and circumstance, mingles humor with pathos, is wholesome in sentiment, and illustrates effectively, although not very subtly, the march of modern ideas. In construction it is fresh and ingenious. There is nothing new, of course, in the imaginary lapse of years between the fall and rise of the curtain, but the employment of this device to show the domestic history of a single family throughout three generations was a happy stroke of invention. It enabled the dramatists to exhibit the mischief wrought by a dominant personality—the embodiment of old-fashioned conventions and prejudices—among his kinsfolk, and incidentally to exemplify the evils of mercenary marriage and the process of degeneracy. The play is consistent in design and sound in purpose, but the outcome is too plainly the result of predestination to be deeply impressive.

The plot of the play is, briefly, this: In 1860 John Rhead, an able and masterful man, dissolves his partnership with his prospective brother-in-law, Sam Sibley, because the latter does not believe in the possibility of iron ships. His sister, Gertrude Rhead, strong-minded as himself, takes his side and breaks her engagement with Sam when the latter declines to admit her right, being a woman, to interfere. Thereupon Sam peremptorily revokes the consent which he had previously given to the marriage of John Rhead with his sister, Rose, a submissive creature, who has already declared that her idea of happiness is to be her husband's slave. So ends the first act. Twenty-five years later John, who has driven Sam out of business and married the unrevolting Rose in spite of him, is the biggest ship-builder in England, and more masterful than ever. His wife, who worships him, cannot call her soul her own, but his daughter, Emily, has a dash of his own independent spirit and wishes to marry Arthur Preece, a brilliant young engineer. John, however, who has political ambitions and the promise of a baronetcy, overrides the feeble opposition of his wife and the outspoken protest of his sister Gertrude—ever the champion of woman's freedom—and virtually compels Emily to marry a silly, middle-aged peer, Lord Monkhurst. In 1912 Emily is a widow, with two children. Her son, the new peer, is a degenerate young wastrel, and her daughter, Muriel, who is somehow strong in spite of her pedigree, has engaged herself to Richard Sibley, the clever son of old Sam Sibley, who had married a vulgar but highly capable Yorkshire woman. Once more old John Rhead—again deaf to Gertrude—puts his veto on a love match which he pronounces disgraceful. But he is broken by age and largely dependent upon Arthur Preece, now a prominent statesman and labor leader, who stands between him and his rebellious workingmen. So he is induced to yield, while he pathetically bemoans the ways of modern labor and the new woman. The curtain falls upon the union of Preece and Emily, and a touching scene of reconciliation between the grandsire and the revolting Muriel.

Evidently, in this intimate domestic drama the element of dramatic suspense is slight, but the three episodes are connected by a continuous vein of human interest. The characters are lifelike, but are all drawn along conventional lines, with the exception of Gertrude, the representative of the new woman, who is a fresh, striking, and pathetic figure. As a whole, the play is an exceedingly creditable piece of work. It has been published in book form by George H. Doran Company.

"The Attack" of Henry Bernstein, of which an English version by "George Egerton" has just been produced in the Garrick Theatre, is a machine-made emotional melodrama of second-rate quality. Like other stage works of the same author, it exhibits constructive skill, and contains several effective theatrical situations, but it lacks sincerity and consistency, depending mainly for success upon exaggerated sentiment and cheap sensationalism. The hero, Merital, is an eminent French politician, whose reputation for flawless integrity has brought him within easy reach of the Presidency. Although of mature years, he has won the love of a young girl, Renée, of ideal loveliness and purity, who, in the opening scene—and a clever scene it is—offers herself to him in marriage. At this moment he hears from Frepeau, a journalist, that his political foes, through the agency of one Labelle, have published the charge that in his youth he was guilty of theft. The charge is true—although the offence had long been expiated and forgiven—and would, he knows, be fatal to his career. So he denies it and sues Labelle for libel. But before the case comes up for trial he discovers proof not only that Frepeau is at the bottom of the plot against him, but also that he is a hypocritical, swindling scoundrel. Thereupon he sends for Frepeau, and, in a scene full of melodramatic thrills, orders him to silence Labelle, by whatever means he chooses, under penalty of instant exposure and ruin. Merital in due course is triumphantly acquitted, but his tender conscience will not permit him to deceive the guileless Renée, to whom, in another effective scene, he makes full confession. She, of course, condones his offence, and the curtain falls upon the desired happy ending. The whole play is unreal and full of cheap and sentimental claptrap, but it does provide opportunities for much delicate, finished, and forcible acting on the part of John Mason, the best of American comedians, whose performance of Merital is the one feature of artistic and dramatic value in the representation.

Mme. Simone will be seen in New York before long in a new play written for her

by D. Devere Stackpole and L. N. Parker. It is a French romance of the time of Louis XIV.

It is announced that William A. Brady, early in November, will present here the "Hindle Wakes" of Stanley Houghton, a play that has caused some commotion on the other side of the Atlantic. Moreover, he has arranged that Miss Horniman's London company, the original producers, shall come over here to play it. This makes a capable representation virtually certain. Of the value of the piece itself nothing can be said until after its performance. It tells the story of a girl who, having surrendered herself in a moment of intoxication to a casual lover, refuses, after she has become a mother and provoked great scandal thereby, to marry the father—although he is willing—on the ground that he is not of her station and that she will not enter into an alliance which would mean life-long misery for both.

Granville Barker's play, "The Voysey Inheritance," has been revived in the Kingsway Theatre, London, with several members of the original cast. In reviewing the performance the London *Times* says:

> "The Voysey Inheritance" stands high among our modern English plays. The scrupulous veracity of the thing is only a shade less rare now than it was half a dozen years ago, though many young playwrights have followed Mr. Barker in exhibiting the seamy side of midddle-class respectability.

The Adelphi Play Society announces for its next London season Gorky's "Vassa Zhellzynova," Schnitzler's "The Green Cockatoo," Mr. Clifford Bax's "The Caliph Talisman," "Adolescence," by James Littlewood, and a play by a Russian decadent, Sologub.

Léon Gandillot, playwright, died at his home in Paris, Saturday, at the age of fifty. Among his dramas was "L'Ex," in which he directed attention to the French system of educating young girls. Besides this he wrote "Les Femmes collantes," "La Mariée récalcitrante," "Ferdinand le noceur," "La Tournée Ernestin," "La Tortue," and "Le Sous-Préfet de Château-Buzard."

In his memoirs which appeared a few days after his death, Massenet modestly expressed his belief that he should soon be forgotten. It is now announced that his native town, St. Etienne, will give his name to a high school of music, and also to a street. In Paris steps are being taken to erect a monument to his memory. But he has a *monumentum ære perennius* in his operas, particularly his "Jongleur de Notre Dame," which will grow more and more famous as time passes, like Bizet's "Carmen." And until a new Bizet is born in France, others of Massenet's operas will live, because there is melody in them.

Hans Richter began his brilliant career, so far as his world-wide fame is concerned, as the conductor chosen by Wagner for the Bayreuth Festival in 1876. A few weeks ago he declared that the final "Meistersinger" performance at this summer's Bayreuth festival would be the last occasion when he should ever wield a bâton. His retirement calls attention to the fact that Bayreuth, like the great German cities, is confronted by a serious question of conductorship. The late Gustav Mahler never took part in these festivals, nor has Nikisch ever done so, for reasons which it would be interesting to know. Strauss has not been seen in Bayreuth for twenty years, and Mottl is dead. There remain only Muck, Ballinger, and Siegfried Wagner; but Siegfried is so busy with general managerial matters that he cannot be counted on much for rehearsals and performances. The opinion is gaining ground that he attaches relatively more importance to the scenic side of the performances than Richard Wagner would have done.

Ballinger, who has been chosen as the successor of Hans Richter in Manchester, seems to be one of the coming men—indeed, judging by the critical reports from Bayreuth, he has already arrived. The critic of the Hamburg *Fremdenblatt* is quite enthusiastic over his conducting, declaring that he is exceptionally eloquent and poetic in his readings, that his tempi are dramatically aggressive, and that, although he likes to indulge in bold *al fresco* painting, he does not overlook subtle symphonic details in the orchestral score. It is said of him that since he became a conductor he has taken the pains to learn how to play every instrument in the orchestra.

Since Josef Stransky left Berlin to become the conductor of the New York Philharmonic, the Blüthner Orchestra, in that city, for which he had so rapidly won popularity, has been conducted by Von Hausegger. Like his predecessor, Hausegger believes in trying novelties. Among those selected by him for the coming season are Paul Juen's "Wächterweise," Hausegger's "Natursymphonie," a violin concerto by Leopold van der Pals, a piano concerto by Halfdan Cleve; "L'Hiver," by Ernest Bloch; "Aubade," by Cyril Scott, and an "Orchestral Poem" by Walter Lampe. These are mostly names little known.

Weingartner is lucky in having procured Fritz Kreisler to be the first to play his violin concerto. It will be heard in Vienna, and subsequently Kreisler will play it in London, Paris, Boston, and probably in New York.

Verdi conceived most of his melodies while he was taking a walk, either in the city or in the country. On such occasions he was usually bareheaded, with his hands at his back. In this attitude the sculptor, Enrico Butti, has chiselled the great composer in the monument (eleven metres in height), which is to be placed in Milan next year. Other cities, among them Rome, Parma, and his birthplace, Busseto, will celebrate the centenary of his birth by erecting statues.

Chopin, according to his biographers, was so averse to letter-writing that rather than take his pen in hand he would hire a cab and drive miles in Paris to deliver a message personally. Nevertheless, the number of his letters, written mostly in French or Polish, is considerable. A complete edition in a German version has just been issued by Breitkopf & Härtel. Among them are some that had not been printed heretofore. They give a vivid picture of the great composer's state of mind during the last period of his life, when he was too ill to compose, too tired to play without utter exhaustion. They show how the minor professionals, then as now and always, were the enemies of genius; how the Scotch women lionized and bored him; how he found it difficult to get $100 for playing in private houses in London, where to-day Chopin II, alias Paderewski, gets $5,000 per evening; and how, in consequence of his inability to earn enough by his playing, or the sale of his compositions, or by giving lessons, he could not think of marrying.

Paris is building theatres at a rate to arouse the envy of Oscar Hammerstein. The season now opening will witness three entirely new theatres and two of the older ones rebuilt. There are already open to the public twenty-one large and sixteen smaller theatres, in addition to about two dozen variety shows and music halls. One of the new structures, which Gabriel Astruc is having built in the Avenue Montaigne, will also be available for operas and grand concerts.

Art

Curator Guiffrey's summer tour in Europe has resulted in the purchase of four interesting pictures for the Boston Museum. Of these perhaps the most important is Gainsborough's full-length portrait of John Eld, painted about 1772. It represents him attired in red before a landscape background. For one hundred and forty years it hung in the Staffordshire General Infirmary, of which Eld was a founder. An even rarer acquisition is Parnassus, by Claude Lorrain, painted for the Constable Colonna of Rome, signed and dated 1680. A cassone-front, Stories of Psyche, by Filippino Lippi, is the first mythological piece of the early Renaissance to enter the Boston collections. Chiefly of curious interest is a nude, Judith, signed and dated by Jan Matsys, of Antwerp, in 1545. These acquisitions represent a thoughtful and commendable endeavor to fill gaps in the collection.

"Memories of James McNeill Whistler, the Artist" (Lane), by T. R. Way, is chiefly interesting for the illustrations lithographed by the author. For many years Mr. Way had the run of Whistler's studios, and he had the habit of making thumbnail sketches of Whistler's work. Many of these have been drawn on the stone for the present book. Here, for example, are thumbnail sketches in colors of the fifty-three Venetian pastels which Whistler exhibited on his triumphal return to London. These notes are charming in themselves, and will help to identify scattered members of the series. Whether it was worth while to copy so many of Whistler's slighter composition sketches may be questioned. This kind of scrawl often has a distressing lack of quality. Whistler's energy was clearly not native, but achieved by much taking thought. On the literary side, not much is to be said for Mr. Way's reminiscences. Some notion of the pertinacity with which Whistler went at lithography may be got, and there are a few new facts and anecdotes, but any valuable residue would have gone into a short magazine article. The author is heavy-handed, and perhaps the severest criticism of his book is that Whistler emerges from it diminished both personally and as an artist. A couple of slight lithographic

sketches from Whistler's original stone are among the illustrations, and will commend the book to collectors. On the whole, it is a regrettable book. On Whistler's better activities it sheds little new light, and, quite unintentionally, we believe, it exposes rather crudely certain personal foibles and infirmities sufficiently well known already and needing no further emphasis.

In Miss Helen Marshall Pratt's "Cathedral Churches of England" (Duffield) there is something of the patient and contented spirit of the old-time scholarship, as rare as it is refreshing in an age of machine-made books, when twelve months of research after the data of any projected topic is considered an excess of conscientiousness. To the composition of her book Miss Pratt has devoted eight years of study, and the result repays her labor. A less conscientious writer, with such a subject, might have been tempted to essay a more pretentious work, and would not have produced anything half as useful. Miss Pratt aims merely "to set forth in concise, orderly, and convenient fashion the most interesting features of the history, architecture, and antiquities of the two-and-thirty cathedrals of England, for the use of intelligent travellers and students." These opening words of the author's preface might serve as a review of her book. Throughout it is "concise and orderly," for Miss Pratt has a tidy, methodical mind, which pigeonholes facts and arranges them in their proper sequence. The four preliminary chapters are models of clear exposition, and the subsequent accounts of the individual cathedrals (characteristically marshalled in alphabetical order) are admirably lucid in style and arrangement. There is enthusiasm displayed for a fascinating theme, but it finds expression in thoroughness of treatment instead of in the lyric outbursts of exaggerated sentiment with which descriptive writers too commonly bespatter their pages. By her volume Miss Pratt will have placed in her debt many "intelligent travellers and students" visiting the cathedrals of England.

"Rambles in the Pyrenees and the Adjacent Districts" (Dutton) is something less and something more than a guide book. The author, Hamilton Jackson, has limited his record to the French side of the Pyrenees, even there making no attempt to go over the whole ground. On the other hand he gives us something more of the history of the places he visits than one usually finds in books of this character. Being an architect with special archæological interests, he dwells upon the archæological rather than the æsthetic value of the objects observed, and embellishes his book with many of his original drawings and some excellent photographs of constructional details which a less observant architect might easily overlook. Any book is to be welcomed that draws the attention of the tourist to the intensely interesting and extraordinarily beautiful country the author traverses; but he appears not to have written for the general public, if we may judge from his meagre enthusiasm over the glorious mountain scenery which must always remain the principal reason for visiting this region. The book is evidently a compilation of notes made by the author, partly on the ground and partly in his study; and its parts thus appear to lack connection. This lack of connection is increased by the interjection from time to time of paltry incidents which can only be of interest to him or his travelling companions as reminders of special episodes of the journey. For instance, he closes his brief reference to Pau with the remark (p. 101): "At the hotel at which I stayed the waitresses, one of whom was a married woman, were most efficient, and kept a roomful of customers well supplied." Apparently the author must have had in the past some unusually unsatisfactory experience with married waitresses.

Howard C. Levis, whose "Bibliography of American Books Relating to Prints" we have previously noticed (July 14, 1910), has now issued his long-expected "Descriptive Bibliography of the Most Important Books in the English Language Relating to the Art and History of Engraving and the Collecting of Prints" (London: Ellis), in an edition of 350 copies. The mass of information in this large volume is presented, not in the form of a one-alphabet list of titles, but in regular chapters on specific subjects. Some of the chapter headings are: Books of Secrets and Mysteries, Dictionaries of Engravers, The Literature of Colored Prints, The Various Processes (etching, lithography, etc.), Publications of Clubs and Societies, Water-Marks, Book-Plates, Niello, Bank-notes. This arrangement, and the plentiful notes and illustrations, emphasize the personal nature of the book. It is not only a book to refer to, but one in which to browse in order to bring back to mind the pleasure in books read or prints seen, long since, perhaps. It is a book to delight the print collector.

Finance

THE SEQUENCE OF EVENTS.

There was published in the early stages of the panic of 1907 an article under the above head, whose purpose was to point out what, in the light of past experience, was the series of events that must accompany and follow that great financial panic, as it had accompanied and followed others. Briefly summed up, the sequence as outlined was:

First, the failure of an important bank. Second, a run of depositors on all the banks. Third, a day of outright and hopeless panic, notably in the banks and the Stock Exchange. Fourth, partial or complete suspension of cash payments by the banks. Fifth, hoarding of cash in large amounts, leading to a premium on currency. Sixth, very large import of foreign gold, bought at a premium and paid for in securities and commodities. Seventh, demand on the Government to "do something," with the result that something futile and foolish is usually done. Eighth, a sudden improvement in the situation, due to receipt of foreign gold and to waning panic. Ninth, a flood of propositions from everybody to reform the currency. Tenth, realization by the whole community that an era had been closed in American finance, and that a long period of reaction must be undergone in preparing for the process of reconstruction.

How exactly all this familiar sequence of events and after-events was carried out, it is hardly necessary now to recall. They have led invariably, in our financial history, to what may be called an intermediate period in the cycle of prosperity. That included, in every chapter of our after-panic history, an attempt by Wall Street and the business community to persuade itself that nothing very serious had really happened; then a sudden and determined effort to return to "boom times"; next, discovery that all this was hopelessly premature and that general liquidation must be resumed; after that, a year of profound discouragement and despondency (with the Wall Street oracles telling us that politics alone was to blame), and at last, the beginnings of real recovery. This sums up the characteristic incidents of 1908, 1909, 1910, and 1911, as accurately as it does those of 1894, 1895, 1896, and the first half of 1897—or, for that matter, the series of years from 1874 to 1879, inclusive. Every great panic on our records—perhaps excepting that of 1857, when the course of after-panic finance, though its history began as it did after 1873 and 1893, was necessarily altered by the Civil War—has had the same immediate sequel.

Since, then, the history both of our recent panic period and of the after-panic period is seen to have conformed thus closely to precedent of all similar periods in the past, and since we are now admittedly entering on the period of revival, it should be interesting to sum up, in the light of the same past history, the sequence of events which marks that economic chapter. The governing circumstances, in such recovery from panic and from after-panic depression, will naturally be less identical than those which prescribe the incidents of the panic collapse itself. They are in some measure accidental. Yet, in American financial history, there has been a rather remarkable uniformity. These are the usual successive chapters:

First, discovery that, as a consequence of enforced economies, stocks of all sorts of goods in merchants' hands are abnormally low—a subject of reiterated comment in 1878, 1897, and 1911.

Second, sudden and heavy increase in our manufactured export trade—due to low prices and slack home demand, and greatly helped by the fact that European trade recovery had been rather more rapid than our own. In 1878, this caused what was then an absolutely record-breaking export trade and an excess of exports $100,000,000 above all precedent; in 1897, it led to Europe's outcry

over the "American invasion"; in 1911 it again swelled our manufactured export trade beyond all records.

Third, and as a consequence of this, an abnormally large foreign credit balance, whereby our markets paid off a heavy debt in 1879, underwrote British Government war loans in 1900, and financed the Berlin money market at the close of 1911.

Fourth, a stroke of economic luck in this country's favor—the famous European harvest failures of 1879 and 1897, coming along with bumper harvests here, and leading to enormous home transportation business, car shortage, increased railway earnings, and exports so exceptionally heavy as to cause actual scarcity of ocean freight room. The great crops of the present season, coinciding with England's threatened shortage, are presenting a picture not wholly unlike this.

Fifth, as a natural consequence, larger imports of gold, on a strict commercial basis, than in many years—our excess of such imports was $76,000,000 in the twelve months beginning with July, 1879, and $105,000,000 in the same period after midsummer, 1897. This year the movement has at least begun, with the $3,500,000 gold now on the way to us from London.

Sixth, a great expansion in American business enterprise and in the market's financial plans—notably a factor in 1880 and in the period 1898-99, but scarcely in sight as yet to-day.

Seventh, a prolonged and vigorous rise on the Stock Exchange; usually helped along by the waning of political agitation and by some consequent highly favorable turn in public affairs—the success of specie resumption in 1879 and 1880, with the Republican victory of the latter year, and the successful enactment of the Gold Standard law in 1900, with the second defeat of Bryan. Nothing of the sort is yet in evidence at the present stage of this year's recovery; but there are some factors in the economic and political situation which may conceivably have to do with producing it, later on.

Eighth, unanimous recognition, at home and abroad, that America had definitely entered upon a new and interesting era of financial, commercial, and industrial expansion. In this, however, so far as concerns the present situation, we are dealing with the unfolded future. It was a full year after 1879, and three or four years after 1897, before that stage of the economic cycle had been reached. Whether it is to be reached again on any such scale, in the present sequence of events, depends on other facts and influences than are visible to-day. Many of the particular causes for the astonishing climax to which the movement of financial excitement rose in 1901 were such as can never return in American finance, and undoubtedly it is best that they should not.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alvord, C. W., and Bidgood, L. First Explorations of the Trans-Allegheny Region by the Virginians, 1650-1674. Cleveland: A. H. Clark Co.

Arnold, W. H. French Diction for Singers and Speakers. Boston: Ditson.

Bagster-Collins, E. W. First Book in German. Macmillan. $1.10 net.

Baker, L. H. Race Improvement or Eugenics. Dodd, Mead. $1 net.

Bancroft, H. H. Retrospection. Bancroft Company. $2 net.

Bartlett, F. O. Whippen. Boston: Small, Maynard. 50 cents net.

Barton, G. A. The Heart of the Christian Message. New edition, revised. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Bennett, A., and Knoblauch, E. Milestones: A Play. Doran. $1 net.

Bennett, A. The Honeymoon. A Comedy in Three Acts. Doran. $1 net.

Black, Hugh. Three Dreams. Revell. 50 cents net.

Biklé, L. F. C. The Voice of the Garden. (Compilation of verse.) Lane. $1 net.

Blackwood, Algernon. Pan's Garden. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Blaisdell, A. F., and Ball, F. K. The English History Story-Book. Boston: Little, Brown. 75 cents.

Blaisdell, M. F. Gherry Tree Children. Boston: Little, Brown. 60 cents.

Boutroux, Emile. Historical Studies in Philosophy. Trans. by F. Rothwell. Macmillan. $2.50 net.

Boydstun, J. F. The Science of Human Nature. Boston: Sherman, French. $2 net.

Bragg, W. H. Studies in Radioactivity. Macmillan. $1.60 net.

Brainerd, E. H. For Love of Mary Ellen: A Romance of Childhood. Harper. 50 cents net.

Bryan, W. J. A Tale of Two Conventions. Funk & Wagnalls. $1 net.

Buckrose, J. E. A Bachelor's Comedy. Doran. $1.25 net.

Bullard, F. L. Historic Summer Haunts from Newport to Portland. Boston: Little, Brown. $2.50 net.

Butler, H. J. Motor Bodies and Chassis. Van Nostrand. $2.50 net.

Call, W. T. You and I and the Stars. Hawthorne, N. J.: C. M. Potterdon. 50 cents.

Cantlie, J., and Jones, C. S. Sun Yat Sen and the Awakening of China. Revell. $1.25 net.

Carlyle's Essay on Burns. Edited by S. C. Hart. Holt.

Chalmers, Stephen. Footloose and Free. Outing Pub. Co. $1.25 net.

Cheiro, *When* Were You Born? Chicago: Rand, McNally. 75 cents net.

Chester, G. R. The Jingo. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.35 net.

Clarke, I. Prisoners' Years. Benziger Bros. $1.35 net.

Clark, J. B. and J. M. The Control of Trusts. Revised, enlarged. Macmillan. $1 net.

Conway, J. J. Footprints of Famous Americans in Paris. Lane Co. $2.50 net.

Cook, F. A. My Attainment of the Pole. Kennerley.

Crawshaw, F. D. Manual Arts for Vocational Ends. Peoria, Ill.: Manual Arts Press. 85 cents.

Dark, Sidney. William Makepeace Thackeray. Cassell.

Daugherty, L. S. and M. C. Principles of Economic Zoölogy. Philadelphia: Saunders. $2 net.

Daulton, A. McC. The Gentle Interference of Bab. D. Appleton. $1.50.

Davidson, E. B. The Bunnikins-Bunnies. Boston: Little, Brown. 50 cents net.

Deland, E. D. The Fortunes of Phœbe. D. Appleton. $1.50.

Deland, Margaret. The Voice. Harper. $1 net.

Delano, E. B. Zebedee V. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.20 net.

Dickens's Children. Ten drawings by Jessie Willcox Smith. Scribner. $1 net.

Dimock, J. A. Outdoor Photography. Outing Pub. Co.

Dodge, W. P. King Charles I: a Study. London: John Long.

Douglas-Irvine, Helen. History of London. Pott & Co.

Drummond, W. H. Poetical Works. Putnam.

Duncan, S., and Thorne, G. The Complete Wildfowler. Outing Pub. Co. $3.75 net.

Eaton, A. H. The Oregon System of Direct Legislation. Chicago: McClurg. $1 net.

Edginton, May. The Adventures of Napoleon Prince. Cassell. $1.25 net.

Eldredge, Z. S. The Beginnings of San Francisco. 2 vols. San Francisco: Zoeth S. Eldredge.

Fitzhugh, P. K. Along the Mohawk Trail: Boy Scouts. Crowell. $1.25.

Ford, Sewell. Trying Out Torchy. E. J. Clode. $1.25 net.

France, Anatole. At the Sign of the Reine Pedauque. Trans. by Mrs. W. Jackson. Lane. $1.75 net.

Frazer, J. G. The Golden Bough. Vols. I and II. Part V. Third edition. Macmillan. $6.50 net.

Freeman, Mary E. W. The Yates Pride. Harper. 50 cents net.

Froissart's Chronicles. Retold for young people by M. Edgar. Crowell. $1.50 net.

Fuess, C. M. Lord Byron as a Satirist in Verse. (Col. Univ. Press.) Lemcke & Buechner. $1.25 net.

Garrod, H. W. Oxford Poems. Lane.

Gask, Lilian, and Pogány, W. The Fairies and the Christmas Child. Crowell. $2 net.

Genung, J. F. The Man with the Pitcher and His Story. Crowell. 50 cents net.

Gerry, M. S. As Cæsar's Wife. Harper. $1.30 net.

Giles, J. A. Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. New edition. Macmillan. $1 net.

God, and Other Poems. Translated by J. Bowring; compiled by M. S. L. Parr. Boston: Badger.

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